THREE MONTHS WITH THE NEW YORK HERALD

OR

OLD NEW ON BOARD OF A HOMEWARD BOUNDER

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NEW YORK HERALD

OR

OLD NEWS ON BOARD OF A HOME-WARD-BOUNDER.

BY

CAPT. A. MINOTT WRIGHT.

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To all who believe in fair play, and who do not wish the world to think us incapable of governing ourselves, this book is respectfully dedicated.

PREFACE.

I SAILED with the *Herald* because it was given to me, read it because I had nothing else to read, wrote about it because I could not help it, and now publish what I wrote because my friends order me to do so.

My aversion to writing has often got me into trouble with my friends, caused me to be reprimanded by my ship-owners, and made me feel the bitter sarcasm of ship-brokers; but when, on a former voyage, I saw that the American eagle was getting into disrepute, I felt that the time had come when to be silent longer, was to be disloyal. In the correspondence column of a foreign newspaper, appeared the following letter:

SIR:—In regard to Germany and Samoa, I ask permission to say a few words to those of your readers who refuse to be carried away by mere fury and verbiage, but are open to argument and fair play. I simply mean to utter a warning and to register a prediction. The warning is this—not to harbor any, if ever so slight, thoughts of deserting the Union Jack for the Stars and Stripes, even if advocated by the most plausible personalities. Let these colonies remain loyal to the mother country, relying on her strength whilst the scheme of a solid confederation of the Empire grows to maturity. The American eagle has a blunt beak, lame wings, and claws corroded by corruption; and we all know that the biggest words, though screeched out by the biggest mouth, break no bones. My prediction is this—the Yankees will take precious good care not to go to war with Germany, but after plenty of screeching, and doing the biggest things with the tip of their tongues, will, without the slightest dignity, retire to "as you were," when they feel Bismarck's iron fist under the

velvet glove. It may suit corrupt millionaires and wire-pullers for sordid speculation's sake to blow the war trumpet to a corrupt Congress. Those people at the White House, on whom rests the real responsibility of conducting their country's affairs, will blow off as soon as they have suited the ends of their own party. They know well enough that, should they declare war against Germany, that they would receive by return of post a declaration of war by China, that their Pacific and Atlantic seacoast towns would be heaps of ruins before they could arm a single cruiser worthy of consideration. Should Yankee democracy, however, be so rotten as to act contrary to the wisdom which framed the groundwork of the great Republic, then fatal consequences will speedily ensue. The inhabitants of the Union are not homogeneous. A war against Germany would at once provoke action on the part of four million Germans, who have not forgotten their old Fatherland yet. Civil war would break out. Thousands of Chinese would fight in their own Asiatic fashion, such as applying matches to large towns on breezy days, etc., and Pandemonium would descend on a country which thinks it can provoke the demon of war with a light heart, because it has plenty of money. I am, etc.,

Penrose, February 2, 1889. R. FRICKE.

—*New Zealand Herald*, February 5, 1889.

After vainly looking for some literary person who was as indignant as I, it suddenly struck me that I could try it myself; and in the New Zealand *Herald* of February 8, 1889, appeared my first contribution to the press.

The reader can readily understand why I do not insert it here; but if he ever does me the honor to hunt it up, and thinks the above letter not sufficient apology for it, let him confess that Washington and Jefferson lived in vain.

I wondered where this man got his information, I

never having before seen, in any *foreign* newspaper, such vile abuse of our Government, or any other; and this was in a column, responsibility for which is disclaimed by the editor. When, on the present voyage, I had given careful attention to the *Herald*, and remembered that I had received it in the same town in which this letter had appeared, it seemed to me that the problem was solved. I can readily see that any one who formed their judgment of us from the contents of that journal, would be so misled as to expect our country to fly to pieces—like a superannuated topsail in a typhoon—at the least shock of war; because the editor does not explain—what he very well knows—that war is all that is required, in order for us to show the world that our disagreements are largely superficial; and are usually magnified by the editors, in the hope of selling newspapers to those who were beaten at the polls.

"A. Minott Wright,"
Master of Barque *Wm. Phillips.*

INTRODUCTION.

According to Captain Marryat "the fool of the family" takes to the sea, as naturally as a duck to a mill-pond. This is, probably, the reason why there is no record of more than one of us ever having given an "opinion." This, as all the world knows, was Commander Jack Bunsby of His Britannic Majesty's Channel Fleet of coal schooners: who, according to a well known and thoroughly honest contemporary, 'was christened John." For this reason, perhaps, although I feel in a humor for writing, I shall be very careful about being trapped into trying to follow in the path of that wise navigator; knowing, as I do, that genius is intermittent, and visits our planet, in its extreme form, in much greater cycles than intervenes between his day and mine.

At first I thought that this would make it impossible for me to write: but on remembering that I had read many opinions that I would not like to present to an unoffending public as gems, it suddenly struck me that what the public needs is questions, to start their thoughts into operation, and then they can form opinions which they will more surely retain.

"Convince a man against his will"—you know the rest: ask him questions and allow him to convince himself, and you have him safe.

Here was a strategic situation, that would have delighted the heart of a field-marshal. Questions were the things, and I, as the one who went to sea, was

just the man to ask them. Did not all of our mothers try, before we were out of pinafores, to instill into our baby minds the fact that only foolish people ask them incessantly? And have we not all heard people, who hoped that they showed wit thereby, answer a civil question with the words "to make fools ask questions?"

Now, although I have already commenced to ask them, I do not promise that what is to follow, will be questions alone; but I mean that they shall prevail, and if I get warmed into the indiscretion of now and then making an assertion, let it be understood that I am ready to retract, whenever the "Northern Wolf" of Byron shows his teeth—and a good reason for my doing so. If I should, despite my caution, be also betrayed into giving a genuine full fledged "opinion," let the reader charitably remember that I am one who has furled a royal by the weird gleam of the dreaded "Corpse light" at the yard-arms and truck, and am consequently liable to be led into the superstitious hope that—I having, also, been known to contemporaries as "Jack," there may—Juliet to the contrary notwithstanding—be something "in a name."

With the exception of a few short letters in defense of myself or "the old flag" when on "alien soil," I have never appeared before that vicious enemy or enthusiastic friend—as the case may be—the Public: and but for a circumstance which the title foreshadows, and which will be explained later, I should not have thought of taking that position now. I have been informed by people who never laid awake a night to

study how to contribute to my pleasure, that my private letters would do to read ; and a very short and crude public one, gained for me the proud distinction of being the champion of that noble fowl the American Eagle. Hence my temerity in allowing the circumstance mentioned above, to urge me to the present startling experiment.

That I shall step on some deeply grounded prejudices, goes without saying ; as I always do ; but a long experience has taught me that I can do so, verbally, with impunity; and in the above-mentioned case of using the pen for it, I got some of the heartiest cheers from the enemy. In a Southern port, in '68, while watching my ship's cotton on the wharf, I talked the rankest Northernism with the maimed Confederate veterans who watched the cotton presses, and we parted such good friends, that they rushed to the ship for news of me, the first time she returned. For many years, I have figured as a radical Northerner in the South—as an embryo rebel in the North ; even going so far as to caution a friend in favor of the memory of one whom I had, in the fire eating days, gone to the expense of "hanging in effigy," much to the detriment of a "man of straw" whose business it had been to scare the birds from the cherry trees ; and which violent patriotism did not save me from a mild chastisement, at the hands of a parent—who has since, probably, got me down for a most hopeless rebel—for ruining his garden beds with scattered straw.

I have talked Conservatism to Fenians, Liberalism

to Conservatives. I have championed the laborer to the employer's face, I have loudly expostulated with the former for ruining his cause, by combining for ultimately useless and detrimental resistance : I have protested to the " goose " for not laying more " golden eggs," I have begged her life from those who would ruin themselves by foolishly killing her ; and all this without giving offense, except in one case : and in this the man was not satisfied with my favor, but wished me to fight for him. But I know that what is written is not as easily covered by the next judicious sentence, as what is spoken ; so shall strive hard to be as careful as I can, consistently with an ingrained prejudice against prejudice.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW YORK HERALD.

PROBABLY most people have wondered why human beings, in the event of some great change that appears to the spectator to be entirely to their advantage, show discontent, and a desire to return to their old way of life. We read of the adopted street Arab, who thrived on the squalor of city slums, languishing in the embrace of comfort and plenty. We have heard of prisoners shrinking from the open iron door which has shut out the sunlight during the best part of their lives, and showing a preference for the darkness of the dungeon, to which they have become inured. But perhaps the friends of the writer, who know that he loves to use his tongue otherwise than to

> "Give the word, above the storm,
> To cut the mast and clear the wreck"

and who have often asked him why he goes to sea—not knowing, poor souls, that it is as impossible for him to earn a dollar on shore as it is for his sailors to keep one, since the U. S. Government has, by the appointment of that modern guardian, the U. S. Shipping Commissioner, provided a means of accurately informing those who live by the sweat of Jack's brow, of the exact day and hour he is to receive it; giving them a chance to locate it with a view to a transfer—unknown to the days of the pri-

vate pay table—may be surprised to hear that he has recently learned to tremble at thoughts of living in the mad hive on shore, even if he should succeed in winning the necessary competence to enable him to do so.

For many years I have, when about home, purchased the *Herald* pretty regularly; because it has the shipping news "par excellence," and on account of its association with the *Jeannette* and Arctic icebergs—with Stanley and the hidden mysteries of "Darkest Africa." That any one ever read it never occurred to me until very recently, since I commenced to read it myself. (For fear that I may ruffle editorial fur, and cause an expedition to be fitted out to intercept me on my next voyage "to far Cathay," I will here explain that I have never read any other newspaper—much.)

There are probably many daily journals in the world which claim the largest circulation within certain limits. (No one who has travelled from the "Golden Gate" to the Sierra Nevadas, can doubt that "the *Chronicle* has the largest circulation on the Pacific Coast," because he has seen it proclaimed from every railroad-fence, rock, barn, tree and stump, not previously appropriated by the proprietors of "Magic Oil" and the "Rising Sun.") I learn from the editorial page of the *Herald* that its circulation is 190,500. These figures I am inclined to doubt (one moment, Mr. Editor, please; I assure you I shall advance weighty reasons). How they can be true in the face of the fact, that a copy is to be seen in the

hands of nearly every one of the 500,000 persons which (as advertisers are assured) travel daily on the elevated roads, and in nearly every office, club room, saloon, restaurant, hotel and barber shop of the three cities; that *stacks* of them occupy news-stands all over the United States, and that my acquaintance with any member of a newspaper staff in the most remote antipodes, results in *bales* of them being sent on board of my ship, I leave to abler mathematicians than myself to determine. Whether or not the *Herald* claims the *largest* circulation, I do not know; and am not in a position to judge; but if it claims the *widest*, I will back that position with every dollar that I can borrow. If I should be sailing around some "corner of the earth," and, gravitation failing, my vessel should take a flight to the moon, I should walk into the nearest newspaper office and ask, with perfect confidence, for their latest copy of the *Herald*, in order to learn whether or not the "Commercial cable" had announced any other vessel as making a like voyage.

If the reader is curious to know why, having so often seen the *Herald*, I have only just commenced to read it, I can easily explain. Heretofore I have received the usual bale, glanced at the shipping news, skimmed through the file to learn with what nation we were "talking fight," and whether Congress intended—in case of their accepting the gauntlet—to lay a plant for the manufacture of guns, appoint a survey to locate a good site for a fort, and advertise for tenders for the construction of a battle-

ship, or to depend on the eloquence of some millennial-minded senator, to induce the enemy to disarm —thereby effecting a balance of power at less expense—and retired to the perusal of something more easily digested. If I was ever tempted to go deeper, the words "Boodle" and "Boodlers," in huge characters, at the head of nearly every page, was quite sufficient to dissipate the temptation.

On the present voyage, owing to the fact that "Looking Backward" and other such works of lunatic dreamers, had penetrated to the South Pacific Colonies, and the inhabitants of these resorts of "peace and plenty" having thereby learned that good pay and a good prospect of future wealth was not good enough for the masses—but that it was necessary to fore-arm against the chimerical "Process of Perspiration," of which they had read—I was so much absorbed in the struggle to navigate my ship through strikes, riots and boycotts, and get to sea without a "union crew"—who would probably want to submit the question of when to reef the spanker to arbitration, that I neglected to take my usual stroll among news-stands and book arcades; and the result is, that my present available library consists of scarcely more than a Nautical Almanac, a Bowditch's Navigator and a Bible. The Navigator and Almanac, consisting mostly of tabulated figures, are of interest only for a few minutes after the sun has passed the meridian, until I have ascertained the ship's position; and the Bible—well—since it is falling into disfavor with the American Public Schools—we do not feel

constrained, on ship-board, to read it oftener than once a week. The cook-book is a volume necessary on shore, but useless when at sea with a steward who not only knows exactly what the Phœnicians had to eat on each particular day of the week, but who persists in the theory that we are to follow the gastronomical example of those ancient navigators and explorers, with a pertinacity which promises to partially supply the place of an almanac, if we should sail without remembering to purchase one. Therefore we do not have that useful work. Hence the reason why I have dived so deeply into those hitherto unexplored columns.

CHAPTER II.

CONTRASTS.

On commencing the perusal, I found it somewhat diverting to note the wonderful contrasts which appeared in different columns. To read in one that a senator from the peaceful and snow-clad slopes of the White Mountains wished to postpone the building of battle-ships until we had applied all our eloquence to John Bull, Esq., to try to induce him to dismantle his American fortresses and withdraw his bristling turrets from American waters ; and then turn to another and learn that the revenue cutters of the Pacific had received orders from the Government to proceed to Behring Sea and seize all illicit sealers, though the bellowing of the powerful bovine seemed to indicate that he would regard such a measure as an act of war. Also that Admiral Walker had received orders to proceed to South America with his all-powerful squadron of four cruisers—profusely covered with white paint, if deficient in armor—and see to it that none of the Powers of Europe were allowed to count a vote from Terra del Fuego to the Rio Grande.

To read in one column a sermon in which a millennial Divine insists on the theory that there is to be no more fighting, that it must, in future, give place to argument ; and turn to another and learn that in the late encounter between " Jake Slogan, the spider of the Alleghanies," and " Sam Bruiser, the scorpion of

the South-west," there was some "beautiful slugging," and, taken all around, it was a "fine show." (Why should this not tempt some eloquent, peaceful, non-athletic man to arrange a match with the great and admired John L. for $3000 a side, and then try, by dint of argument, to induce that heroic slugger to yield the stakes without a blow?)

If this were all, it would only be amusing; but amusement must give place to indignation, when we read in one column that labor has won a great "victory" (apparently over the employer, whom it deserted while on a large contract, with a heavy time penalty—but really over its own future welfare); and turn to another and learn that a like attempt has resulted disastrously in destruction of property—which must cause misery to the destroyers—in violence, arson, bloodshed, starvation and murder.

Finally, indignation must become mixed with pathos, when we read that Congress is becoming so reckless in the distribution of pensions that national bankruptcy is threatened; and then turn a page and learn that the mother of the late Lieutenant Cushing (the lady who gave birth to one of the world's greatest heroes, who gave him a mother's blessing, and bade him "God-speed" when he started on an enterprise which, for brilliance of conception, vigorous prosecution, heroic valor, success, effect on the cause of a bleeding country, and miraculous and masterly escape, stands second to none in naval history) is suffering from want and in danger of becoming an object of charity. Surely, if Congress appropriates

too much money for pensions, some of it must be sadly diverted from its most worthy objects.

Following this easy diversion comes the more serious problem of getting initiated into the "topics of the day." Before the reader condemns me as being hopelessly imbecile for not having read the newspapers whenever opportunity offered, let him imagine himself cut off for six months or a year, and sometimes for two or three years, from his daily and weekly newspaper, his *Harper's*, his *Judge*, his monthly magazine, and even his opportunity of selecting from the book-stand the latest novel, and then glance at a "daily" laden with the "topics of the day." If he knows that any thread that he succeeds in recovering will again be hopelessly lost in a week or two, and is aware that it is his transient and long looked-for opportunity for becoming acquainted with his mother, will he use much time in an attempt at the solution of the problem?

Why! on the occasion of my last witnessing a game of base-ball, the superb batting of Brouthers and the great Mike Kelly were insufficient to divert my mind from vaguely wondering what could be the name of the New York journal which the urchin at the ferry-house had described as the "*Sunny Wall.*" A charitable friend has since informed me that the cherub was announcing that he was in a position to furnish to the by-standers and passengers a copy of the *Sun* or the *World!*

I have spent hour after hour in mid air above the New York streets, vainly cruising from end to end of

the vast city, in consequence of the guards of the "L" roads systematically using every vocal sound which the English language affords, excepting those which I have been taught to ascribe to the letters which form the names of the streets where the trains stop; South Ferry and 129th Street being the only two that I could hit with any degree of accuracy, and these owing to the fact that one must leave the train immediately or get himself kicked out.

The easiest thing to learn is that the *Herald* prides itself on being a reformer "from away back;" and makes it a point to expose every item of villany, bribery, corruption and boodleism, from the St. Croix to the Rio Grande, from Mendocino to Hatteras. This is probably well and necessary; but would it not be advantageous, while there is a chance of our having a possible shred of national respectability remaining—in the estimation of the world—either for some other journal to take the matter in hand, or use some other medium for the dispensation of American news in "the corners of the earth," and keep the great reformer nearer home, where it can sink deeply into the hearts of the tolerators of "lobbyism," and gnaw at the vitals of "cable stealers and street grabbers"? Why should the denizens of remote islands be informed of the fact that the immaculate members of the New York police force had been unjustly suspected, by an ungrateful government, of having an interest in the sale of base intoxicants?

The writer has often wondered why, when he has —in foreign ports—hoisted the delicately tinted

banner of whose symmetrical stripes and superb constellation of stars he has ever been so proud, the people regard it much the same as they would if it were of sombre black, and surmounted by a skull and cross bones; why he himself is regarded as a kind of modern Kidd; why his lady friends lose the most of their interest in him, when they learn the sad fact that he has not been married and divorced several times, and why his gentlemen friends—if over twenty—expect to learn of his many "hair-breadth 'scapes" from flying bullets on native street corners, and if under that age, never fully forgive him after they learn that he has not got a pistol in each hip pocket, and a "bowie knife" in each boot leg. He has also wondered why,—though war, revolutions, rapine, popular murder, anarchy, nihilism and such effects of misgovernment, are constantly being reported from nearly every other country on the face of the globe—he continually has to face the fact, that his own capitol is thought the very hot-bed of corrupt legislation. Can he wonder longer after having read a long file of *Heralds*, captured in a journal office of a remote colony?

CHAPTER III.

THE KEMMLER CASE.

In regard to the "Kemmler case," and the threatened blow to the hemp industry through the substitution of electricity for the removal of the barnacles of society, perhaps it will not be fair for me to write much; I having an advantage of the *Herald* through having read, in a South Sea journal, a cablegram which showed that the carefully prepared "chair," was a far safer place than "Mr. Westinghouse's" light poles, with their wires insulated by his most profound experts; proving that all-wise organ at fault for once.*

Not having been acquainted with Kemmler at the time, I do not remember whether or not it was he who took the leading part in that horrible and bungling tragedy; but I earnestly hope it was not. Not knowing the circumstances of his crime, I cannot help thinking that the honor of being the pioneer in the candidacy for the great blood-curdling experiment, and living for several days in the expectation of at any moment being led to the fatal seat, was

*"The experiment of death by electric current is worth trying. It has been effective in the case of a score of wage working linemen: let us see what it will do for a murderer."—*N. Y. Herald.*

One who admires courage hopes that these "linemen" will dare to earn their bread, after reading about the great experiment. [AUTHOR.]

sufficient punishment for one man to endure. And one who has led a somewhat secluded life, and has seldom seen anything more sanguinary than a dog fight, or an occasional skirmish to decide which end of the ship shall rule, cannot help hoping that the scientific cannibals who gathered at the prison to see the fun, satisfied their perverted taste by the sacrifice of the "calf" that seems to have been "caught in a thicket by the horns" (if he had any, and one "who has been there" thinks he must have had—or have been wonderfully "fatted"—to have weighed five hundred pounds) for the purpose: and that after holding a barbecue on the charred remains, they returned to their Bluebeard dens, leaving the modern Isaac to benefit by that most inscrutable of all writs —Habeas Corpus.

At least it is gratifying to learn that the reprieve "made him easier in his mind," and let us hope that he apologized to the humane warden for the "lots of trouble" (which may or may not, have included the vain tears shed by his lady in that "tearful farewell interview") which that official suffered in consequence.*

*"I do not know whether Kemmler was told the hour, but when Mrs. Durston went down and had a tearful farewell interview with him and then went * * * * the man must have known that his time of doom was near," * * * *

"Late in the afternoon Warden Durston went down to Kemmler's cell and said:

"'Well, Kemmler, you have got a reprieve.'

"'All right,' said Kemmler.

"'It causes us lots of trouble,' said the Warden.

If the Empire State still aspires to using that instrument of vengeance, which appears to a rude (and perhaps superstitious) navigator to belong peculiarly to the Almighty, I, judging from the little I have heard when ashore, think there is no better scheme than to sentence the offender to "one year's hard labor" in the service of a lighting company. Perhaps six months would be sufficient, but if the circumstances of the crime were peculiarly atrocious, I recommend a year to make all safe. This will not only assure "the deep damnation of his taking off" on the improved plan, but have the additional advantage of keeping him yet more deeply in ignorance of the day and hour.—Vide *Herald*, April 30, 1890.

"'It makes me easier in mind,' said Kemmler.

"* * * * * About five o'clock the warden took a sprightly calf of about 500 lbs. to the death chamber * * * * The animal went over as if he was a log. He was like one frozen."—*N. Y. Herald.*

CHAPTER IV.

INTERSTATE COMMERCE, DEFENSES, ETC.

To the "original package" decision, I have various objections. I think secession is an experiment that will never again be tried, but I can imagine the horror that it will create in the minds of my "water-drinking" friends.

Personally I am afraid it will make a "teetotaler" of me. I have sometimes—when in a Prohibition State—felt a vicious delight while surreptitiously hiding, beneath my overcoat, a few "original packages" of beer, which I had located at infinite pains, and plodded through the vilest of snow storms to obtain; but if this becomes a legal transaction, I probably shall drink as little beer as I do when I am in the Metropolis, where several saloons are to be found in nearly every block, for the convenience of Agitators who would—like King Solomon—divide the day into three equal portions: only substituting for the word "recreation"—"destruction of health." I also fear an increase in the number of "original packages" of the vilest fluids, with which one unavoidably comes in contact—in the above mentioned State—in smoking cars, and on Fair grounds, and other places of public recreation; vastly preferring, if men will persist in going to the devil, to have them do so in places set aside for the purpose.

On the question of fortifications and defenses, I

join the *Herald* in its praise of the masterly manner in which it has represented our forlorn condition.

What strikes me as the most ominous in this connection,—is the almost total silence of our army officers; knowing, as they do, that an hour's work of a modern piece of heavy ordnance would convert our strongest fort into a good site for a market garden, and kill with showers of antediluvian masonry, peaceful inhabitants in the distant rear.

Having many friends in the army, I do not like to create a suspicion that they are mercenary; but is it not probable that, situated as they are—victims of such slow promotion that it seems safe for them to purchase shoulder straps by the dozen or hundred—and having spent at least four years of their lives at a spot, the historical associations of which, together with such words as "SARATOGA" and "BUNKER HILL," cut deeply in the rocky cliffs—instead of the painted reminders of "Gargling Oil" and "Sea Weed Tonic" seen in other localities—might well cause a born American to desire to "eat iron like an ostrich" in defense of the land so valiantly rescued from tyranny by his ancestors—they may be tempted to wink at the situation, until an enemy has been lured across the Atlantic; knowing, as they do, that in case of our showing half a fighting front, no hostile expedition would dare approach American "soundings," and their "occupation" would be as hopelessly "gone" as that of the warlike and jealous "Moor of Venice"? This would not apply to the naval officers, as, if they get the enemy

scared, they can amuse themselves counting votes for young sister republics.

I see that many private citizens still insist that our torpedoes are sufficient protection. I believe that if we had the time and material to make some, they would be as efficacious as the salt that boys use in catching birds;—no trouble to catch the bird, if he can get near enough to balance the salt on his tail; and if an enemy would refrain from disturbing the torpedo, and kindly not molest us while we explode it, he could consider himself conquered.

I much regret the situation, but am afraid there will be no material change before improvement in ordnance has brought Chicago and St. Louis within range from the Atlantic sea-board.

CHAPTER V.

RAPID TRANSIT—THE CENSUS.

One of the worst shoals on which I grounded was "Rapid Transit." What did it mean? I had an idea what the words meant, separately, and remembered having, in Boston,—after having waited ten minutes on the corner and walked nearly the whole length of Atlantic Avenue—seen them together on the roof of a car which passed me just when I turned down toward the ferry. Surely this could not be what Gotham was clamoring for? This is the kind we enjoyed in the palmy days of matehood, when, after learning that our destination was the extreme end of South Brooklyn—to be cheered, after a long voyage, by a distant view of the tombstones of Greenwood—instead of New York, as we had anticipated, we tallied cargo till nightfall, and then reached Twenty-third Street in season to see the curtain fall on the second act. But now, when one can be whirled over the same ground and have time for a smoke before the overture, what is New York looking for next? Does it aspire to wings, a system of balloons, to be transmitted by a direct current of electricity, or shot from a pneumatic gun?

Before getting any light on the subject, I learned that Platt had killed it. Who was Platt? Alas! I had no data by which to ascertain, except that he was evidently a politician. (Subsequently, since reading

the "*Herald* Politics," I have decided that he and "Barney Biglin" are probably republicans.) Later I learned that it was resuscitated by the *Herald* playing Hendrick Hudson's scheme on Governor Hill; and still later, I got hold of an issue that suggested to do away with one-third of the stations on the "L" roads, and save half of the time used in transit.

I knew before that New York could "dive deeper, stay down longer, and come up dryer" than any other city (save Chicago), and could do anything it undertook (except to get the "World's Fair"); but I had yet to learn that a New York locomotive could make two miles between stations, as quickly as one, and could save an additional five or six minutes in consequence of the excitement generated by the feat. I find that I must ask the reader to look it up, as I am in as hopeless a muddle as I was when I read it myself; it must depend on the "bearin's of the obserwation."

I am in somewhat of a quandary about the new census; I am ambitious to be one of the great mushroom population, but am not sure that I have not been rejected, my mother not being able to tell the enumerating fiend how many teeth I have lost, and exactly how much of my hair has disappeared. She could tell them that I was living within my means, knowing that I was where my running expenses were scarcely more than the wear and tear of my razor, but I don't know whether or not this would be sufficient.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MCCALLA COURT MARTIAL—BALLOT REFORM, ETC.

THE McCalla Court Martial probably deserves mention by the way. Not having served in the navy, I am not certain whether or not the crews thereof furnish such sample pirates as do those of my own service. If they do, I can heartily sympathize with the unfortunate commander in all except his desire for a "counterfeit presentment" of the culprit. The taste for photographing a ruffian who does his best to make life hideous to him who would keep order—and who I should think capable of temporarily setting aside the elegance and refinement which seem to be instilled at Annapolis, and which I have so admired in the many naval officers of my acquaintance—must be purely naval. We of the merchant service, vastly prefer oblivion.

I congratulate the commander on having his persecution read by at least one who "has been there"; who, notwithstanding his reputation among his friends as a lamb, has—after ironing a poor victim who morally deserved hanging—been converted by the evidence and the enthusiastic reporters — who never allow a doubt of its truth to enter the columns of the journals they serve—into such a hideous Legal Wolf, that, after reading the account of his villany, he was almost tempted to give away his dog in despair of

ever again being recognized by even that sample of canine sagacity.

According to the evidence of the officers, it is very unusual for the commander of a naval vessel to figure as the muscular power, and I should think it a heavy undertaking when a crew is numbered by hundreds; but there is a certain "Morale" (if that is a good word) about an officer who is usually out of sight, which makes a slight shake by the collar from him, more efficacious than heavy knock-down blows from those who are always at the front, and whose probable strength has been repeatedly sized up and discussed by Jack, until he has become familiar with the thought of resisting them; and has probably passed his word of honor to his shipmates that he will do so when occasion arises.

The writer finds it necessary to prohibit his officers from undertaking any quarrel without first referring it to him; and in nine years, excepting in a few cases where an officer has disobeyed him in this, there has neither been a man hurt nor in irons; nor has any breach of discipline been tolerated on board of his ship. Yet, when he was a watch officer, and the captain left the discipline, as is usual, to him, it often resulted as related above, or worse. It was the newly arrived Prussians who demoralized the French at Waterloo, and the sudden news of Johnston (or some one else), whom they had been unconsciously fighting all day, that scattered the Yankees at Bull Run.

To show why we of the haunts of Neptune should freely forgive those on shore for so readily believing

the tales told of us, I will relate one of many cases which I have seen, of the most extraordinary credulity, even among our own brotherhood.

When I was sailing as mate, one of my contemporaries got promoted to the command of a ship, and sailed for the same quarter of the globe that I did myself. While loading at a port on the China sea, my captain came on board and told me that C—— had made a "nice mess of it," and proceeded to tell me how he had deliberately sailed away from a boat and six men, leaving them to perish. Having then had the same habit of asking questions that still remains with me, I asked him if he believed that it was true. He seemed to believe it because "they say" it was so. I then called his attention to the fact that those men were purchased in the same market that ours had been, and that we had paid for them $45.00 each; also that we had not a boat on board that cost less than $125.00. This would make it cost about four hundred dollars for the pleasure of murdering a half-dozen men, as well as to leave him short-handed in the very place where he needed men the most. The captain was immediately convinced of the truth, which was evidently that this unfortunate man had erred on the side of humanity. A man had fallen overboard, and he had been compelled to immediately decide whether to leave him to perish and risk being pronounced guilty of an indifference which is virtually murder, or risk five more lives by lowering a boat to try to rescue him. He chose the latter, and if he had been successful

would have been cheered as a hero ; but he lost his boat and men, and the very best that he could hope for at the hands of that cruel monster "they," was to be abused for having shown bad judgment ; and it appeared that that hope was vain, even among his fellow scape-goats.

I have myself had four men fall overboard. Two were saved by my throwing something which would keep them from sinking until we could get a boat to them. One of the others was unable to swim to the hatch that I threw over the instant that I learned of his fall, and when we had got the ship hove to, and got the boat out, there was no trace of him to be found. The other one had sunk and was drowned before I was told about it, and I was, of course, indignant at every one who was on deck at the time, and did not make a motion to save him nor inform me ; and reprimanded them severely. Though the helplessness that appears to take possession of many people in a sudden emergency of the kind, sometimes seems to me almost criminal, it seems harsh to report it to the world ; so I simply reported that I had done all that I could do to rescue him (which was no more than to order all hands aloft, and to go with them myself, to watch for his possible reappearance), and did not add that if I had been informed, or if even the usual shout had been given, I might easily have saved him, as the vessel was under short sail, and was moving through the water very slowly, and he had fallen from the jib-boom.

It would seem almost impossible that one of those

who knew all the circumstances would have lent his aid to put blame on me ; but some one of those who make it their business to brand us as the enemies of humanity, wrote a letter to a newspaper, and got the signature of one of my crew attached to it, stating that I had made a false report and had done nothing whatever ; which was literally true, because, when I learned of it, there was nothing that could be done. I should have been represented as one of the blackest of villains, if I had not, fortunately, been acquainted with the reporter, and he informed me of it, taking my statement, and having it inserted immediately below the letter. I met the man whose name it bore, and asked him, in the presence of the reporter, if he knew what he had signed. He stated that he did not, except that he had a general idea that it was something against me.

I must here ask the reader, when he learns of some extraordinary piece of cruelty on ship-board, to remember how much affection the employed on shore usually show for those under whom they serve, and what monstrously impossible stories they tell of them ; and then judge how much the necessary discipline and close proximity which life on board-ship necessitates, may increase the sentiment.

Of the "Flack case" I have been unable to unravel a thread ; so retire from the contest, only able to guess that Mrs. Flack got divorced in some mysterious manner—apparently while asleep. Whether or not a like calamity befel Mr. Flack and son, I cannot even conjecture.

I have known that the *Herald* was very enterprising in fitting out expeditions to pursue the paths of Drs. Livingstone and Kane, but had to learn that it probably "fits out" the Governors to send to Albany, and keeps them under its orders ; telling them what bills to sign, and, apparently, being usually obeyed. This may be an over estimate ; but in the issue of June 9th, I gather that the Gubernatorial "stumpie" had already "gaed down i' the ink" to sign the "Cable Steal Bill," when a warning bellow from the great editorial bull caused the Executive to, like Rip Van Winkle, "think about it," and like him also, to sleep on it.* Why could not some mechanical expert invent an automatic Governor, to be operated by a wire leading to the *Herald* office ; and save to the New York populace the salary of that official, to help meet the much dreaded "McKinley prices"?

About "ballot reform" and "the Australian system," the writer feels equally cheerful with the *Herald.* He did not know before, that, republican votes were the kind usually thrown on the market, but will feel repaid for the loss to his side, if everything will be arranged so that he can safely leave his gun at home when he makes his first trip to the polls ; and if it de-

* "Albany, June 9th, 1890. The agony is over and the Cable bill is dead. Governor Hill slept on the remaining thirty-day bills last night. * * * This action * * * virtually acknowledges the power and popularity of the morning newspapers. * * * Governor Hill shows that he has read the *Herald* carefully and profited by his reading."—*N. Y. Herald.*

prives him of all chance of selling out to the highest bidder, he can congratulate himself on the fact that he so seldom gets his goods to market in season, that the loss will not be large.

He remembers once having been where he could have voted, though a non-resident, at the very tender age he then enjoyed ; but the popular ticket not being the one he preferred, and not having at hand a battery of artillery to accompany him to the polling booth, he decided to remain on board of his ship, and not follow the example of the executive officer, whose vote for the New York ex-Governor promised to be of more value in that locality, than in his native State ; where it would have been asphyxiated beneath the overwhelming number for the great soldier. He probably did not sell it, because the metal that passed as legal-tender in that campaign—and in that quarter—was far baser than gold and silver, and less desirably administered than is usual with those finer qualities. He (the writer) bids the reformers "God-speed," and is perfectly willing to allow our newly imported voters to work out their own political scheme, in their own heads, and not be enrolled, at Castle Garden, as a matter of course, by—well, let us say—either party.

I can read of the deluging Mississippi floods with a *sang froid* worthy of Noah, and the tales of devastating tornadoes and hurricanes, remind me of the story of Jack, lying in the lee of the weather bulwarks, after "goose winging" the last topsail and lashing the helm "a-lee," and saying "How I pities

all unhappy folks on shore," followed by hints of "flying tiles and chimney tops"; but when one's own ship is in fields of floating kelp six degrees south of Cape Horn—where, perhaps, no keel has startled the melancholy penguin since those of the *Adventure* and *Beagle* under Fitzroy—with persistent northerly winds that threaten to keep her there till—like the ghostly skipper who hails second mates in the middle watch, begging to be towed out of the equatorial "doldrums"—I become a phantom of the South Shetlands—to read of disastrous collisions with icebergs, and see an illustration of the careworn bows of the *Thingvalla*—that famous steamship which seems to have been built to steam stern first after butting every obstruction that the North Atlantic affords—is slightly grating to the nerves.

I am pleased to learn that Mr. Blaine was so successful in learning of, and forereaching, the fillibustering scheme in the far West, as it shows that a man may be a republican and not add indifference to the many faults that we see charged to that party. The graceful acknowledgment of this by the *Herald*, is like "a spring of water in a desert," or a gleam of sunshine off Cape Horn.*

* "We make our compliments to Secretary Blaine. It is not often that the Government gets ahead of the newspapers. His promptness, etc."—*N. Y. Herald.*

CHAPTER VII.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

And now having disposed of some of the minor topics, I come to one of the great questions of the age--the situation of Capital and Labor. If there is a character in a position to be envied, it is the original *Puck*. What a delightful thing it must be to be composed of thin air, look down from a perch on a chimney pot or tavern sign, and contemptuously exclaim "What fools these mortals be"; but to be mortal, and watch the same fools while they manage affairs in which one, though "out of the swim" at present, takes a lively interest, is not such good fun. Where *Puck* would feel nothing but mirth, the poor mortal is forced to fight against useless indignation.

To one who has boasted that his country is one where to be born in a log hut is no bar to passing a part of life in the "White House," or at least to leaving a name not to be forgotten while history survives, it is sad to learn that our laboring classes are struggling to create between themselves and their employers the same hopeless chasm that exists in most other countries; and to see column after column of a newspaper (edited, probably, by a thinking man, who is capable of seeing cause and effect, who has read the result of the popular demonstrations of history, and who knows that the actors in the greatest, bloodiest and most excusable

—in that it subverted the greatest Tyranny,— made Emperor by acclamation, and followed through the rugged passes of the Alps, over the heated hills of Italy, through the frozen snows of Russia, and up to the belching cannon's mouth, of the allied forces at Waterloo, a man whose ambition probably aimed at no less than the subjugation and enslavement of Europe—if not of the world)—cheering them on to so-called victory with the same *éclat* as though they were soldiers fighting for National existence, is most exasperating. If, as I believe, this is done to enhance the popularity of the journal, is the editor not as dishonest as any Boodler of them all, who puts the price of his vote in his Aldermanic pocket, and leaves the hoodwinked populace to be blocked by Broadway cars, and driven from their homes by some offensive enterprise?

It grieves me to see a fellow countryman consign himself to hopeless drudgery for life, by acts through which he is sure to lose the confidence of his employer, whose assistance he must have in order to rise, and whose capital it will be necessary to have invested, to create opportunities. It may be argued, that there is not room for all to get to be masters. This is certainly true; but some can, and I ask any successful man, if he has found his chief happiness in the struggle,—cheered by the light of hope—or in the satiety of entire success?

I read of men saying they can do as much work in eight hours as in ten. One who has worked the sixteenth hour to put up haycocks in shape to repel a

"Northeaster," and who, if he had left the field at the end of the fifteenth, would have left tons of hay to half spoil, does not believe this; unless, indeed, that great monitor the "Union" has declared how much work each shall perform, as he has seen in some trades.

I have seen the calker in the New York Dry Docks, violently suppress the natural instinct that urges the laborer to get his work completed, and patiently wait for the hour at which the great tyrant allows him to finish his seam; thereby causing the ship—his only ally in the fight against the Iron Fiend who threatens to deprive him of bread—besides the loss in labor, to pay two days dock rent, in lieu of the one that sufficed while the "Unions" were yet on their own side of the Atlantic. I have also seen a goodly number of the gallant Indiamen whose seams he once kept filled, and whose copper bottoms he used to change periodically—stripped of their tapering spars and symmetrical clouds of canvas—being ignominiously towed, coal laden, through the land-locked waters of the United States coast; leaving him and his fellow craftsmen whom he thought to benefit by his generous dallying, to wander about their old haunts, and watch "unskilled labor" removing the barnacles from the iron bottoms which have replaced most of those on which their hammers and mallets once resounded.

I have seen myself, one of the survivors, instead of, as formerly, clutching madly at any freight offering for the Metropolis—no matter if at a less rate

than those for other ports—chartering,—when anticipating repairs, for another port, repairing my ship there, and then moving to the Metropolitan loading berth ; thereby paying to other calkers, to the tug-boat, the ballast dealer, and the shipping master, the money that would have gone to the New York calker, if I could have trusted him to fairly earn it. Does it require a vast amount of genius to trace cause and effect in all this ?

Now I do not believe that we shall drift back to the log huts of our ancestors, through the "victories" recently won by the different building trades; but as sure as the law which brought Newton's apple to the earth, all such victories will, sooner or later—as Mr. Talmage justly says, "fall on the heads of American labor."

I learned, in an issue of the *Herald*, that there were thousands of "locked out" cloak-makers, whose misery was sufficient to soften any one, except "a heartless sweater ;" and that journal appeals to the charitable to assist them. This looked bad for the manufacturers ; the term "locked out" being misleading to the uninitiated.

After reading several allusions to the same unfortunate people, I at last got hold of an issue that threw a bright light on the whole matter. I learned that the manufacturers were only guilty of locking their shop doors, after the people had gone out ; or, if they "locked out" any one, it was because no rational person would employ people to *make* cloaks, when there was no way to get them *cut*. I learned

that the all powerful Union, that "many headed monster thing," that great and inexorable taskmaster, had coolly decided that free-born American citizens should subsist on deteriorating idleness, and from $1.50 to $3.00 per week,* instead of healthful occupation and $24.00 ; because, forsooth ! some of the cloaks that were being cut by its slaves, were being made by people who claim the freedom which is the proud inheritance of the Anglo-Saxon race. I learned that the representative of this mighty oppressor was willing to submit some of the minor points at issue to arbitration ; but on condition that the manufacturers concede the principal ones ; which concession would place them in bondage more hopeless—and more abject because voluntary— than any that ever fell to the lot of the swarthy sons of Africa.

If our great Metropolis can furnish no more worthy objects of charity than those who have been ruthlessly condemned to hunger and want by a heartless scourge, which they helped to create and are still ready to sustain, I think it one of the most fortunate

* "And so the story runs, hour after hour it is the same story of helpless, hopeless misery. * * * The locked out operators received their weekly allowance yesterday. The married men got $3.00, the single ones, $1.50. * * * Men and women engaged in cloak-making make from $10.00 to $30.00 a week according to their ability and the season of the year; * * * cutters get from $20.00 to $24.00 all the year round [Secretary Garside] only Union men can be employed. Non-Union men must be discharged. There can be no arbitration on these points."—*New York Herald.*

of cities; and recommend that the charitably disposed look elsewhere for a chance to bestow their munificence.

I would like to learn what kind of person is called a "sweater." Is it one who conducts his business with as little outlay as is consistent with success? Who pays as small remuneration as is compatible with faithful and efficient service? If it is, I would ask who is exempt? Is the merchant with whom I charter my ship a "sweater" because he looks about to see what vessel he can get at the lowest figure—even though the owners become bankrupt in consequence? Are the manufacturers of goods, the growers of produce, and the consumers of both, "sweaters," because their search for cheap transportation forces him to do so? Is the U. S. Government a "sweater" because, instead of bestowing contracts on the first comer with munificent pay, it advertises for tenders, and forces competitors to "sweat" their employés as much as possible, or despair of getting the contract?

If it is, as I can vaguely guess from slight allusions to the term which I have read, those who employ women and children, who is to say where the blame lies? If a woman's only chance to avert starvation is to obtain work, even at the mere pittance that is paid for that in which the greatest competition exists, is it not a worthy action to give it to her? If a child is allowed by a brutal parent or guardian to do unnecessary work to the detriment of education and health, is the blame to be put on the

employer, who probably does not know but that it is the only chance to frighten away the proverbial "wolf"?

Although I have been unable to learn the exact definition of the term, I learn that thinking men are searching diligently for the cause. The usual theory seems to be, "over competition in the business;" or, as I understand it, too many invest their capital in a particular branch of industry. But the remedy is not forthcoming. Who shall say what is over competition in—for instance—the clothing trade; which seems to be the principal one in which poor employés struggle in garret and basement? Is there too much competition for the great masses who purchase the clothing with their hard-earned pay? And if so, how can it be remedied in a country where every one has a right to invest his money as he sees fit? Who, and how many, are to close their shops, and learn a new business; or go to work for wages for the rest?

Are they not on the wrong scent? Is not the over competition on the side of the employé? And is not the great cause of the evil the gregarious propensities of mankind?

Ask any person who has lived in New York for three years—from the greatest merchant to the smallest bootblack—what consideration would induce him to spend his winters far in the country; where, instead of two daily papers and unlimited telegraph tape, there may be available a weekly newspaper, when the snow is not too deep for the transportation of mails; where,

instead of the every-day excitement which the street Arab finds on the street corners of a great metropolis, he may meet a few boys, when the weather is not too bad, and play at the rustic and exciting game of snow-ball! I would wager that nothing short of certain ruin for the one—or the absolute impossibility of obtaining one meal per day, and a lodging in a crockery crate, for the other, would be any temptation.

If—lured by the glare and bustle of a great city—poor ill-advised country moths break up their families, close up their houses, and (leaving behind them their homes, where they have enjoyed substantial and wholesome, if not dainty food; where they have worn comfortable and warm, if not elegant clothing; where work and sufficient pay to insure the comforts of life are always at hand) flock towards the treacherous light, to learn their mistake and repent only when their wings are too badly singed to admit of a return flight, are we to blame those who give them employment by which they evade absolute starvation, because the pay—which, owing to the desperate competition known to exist, could probably not be materially increased without ruin and bankruptcy—is small?

The writer was born in the country and yet has his home there. He dropped pumpkin seeds in the corn hills at the age of four, with no ill consequences, and felt a proud sense of proprietorship in the cartloads of yellow pumpkins, which has probably benefitted him in after life. He attended school when it

was in session (except in very busy seasons) and if his education is very limited, it was caused more by his giving too much study to the location of the best apple trees in the neighboring orchards, and in ascertaining the penalties of every conceivable breach of discipline, than by his work in the fields. When he visits his home now, he finds the grass growing wild or the snow untrodden on the lawn of about every third house on the way. Where are those who once occupied them? Gone to join the chorus of voices that demand more pay, and less competition.

I often see the expression, "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work." What, after all, is a fair day's pay, except what labor will bring, thrown fairly and openly on the market? Do not cotton, wool and wheat each represent a certain amount of labor? and is it of any use to demand more for them than the market price?

What is a fair day's work? Can it be done in eight hours? How can we get at the truth any more fairly than to watch the farmer tilling his own soil, the joiner building his own house, or the smith working at his own forge? Tell the farmer that he can sow as much seed in eleven hours as in twelve, or get as much hay in thirteen hours as in fourteen, and he will laugh at you.

By what right does a robust, healthy man spend all the hours, not needed for rest, from five P. M. till eight A. M. in idleness or worse—if he has a family depending on him —unless his pay is sufficient to provide that family with all the necessaries of life, and educate

them to fill the best positions attainable? Should he not rather offer two more hours at half pay, if need be, instead of "pay and a half," or double pay which he seldom gets, owing to interference with contracts? I have often asked people who were working for me by contract, to work overtime. The answer is, almost invariably, that the men want more pay; and our contract will not admit of it; and though I would rather pay the difference than incur the detention, it is so hard to adjust that we do not attempt it.

If competition and the circumstances of the times do not admit of the laborer living as luxuriously as in the past, is it not as vain for him to rebel, as it would be for me to tear my hair because the old Navigators only found it necessary to circumnavigate the globe once, in order to enjoy affluence during the remainder of their lives? Whereas to me it means a few hundred dollars, and a renewal of the struggle for bread, as soon as the ship has been discharged and loaded.

Why does not the hungry ex-shipmaster, whose ship has fallen a victim to the coal barge fiend—instead of retiring to the country to help till his father's or brother's farm,—hang about the wharves and rail at the coal merchant, who bought his ship at a fair bargain; or threaten to destroy the honest, hard-working canal boatman, who, with wife and baby, figures as captain, mate, cook and crew of his once proud Indiaman?

I notice by cruising about the world, that when labor is being "emancipated" in one part, it is being

oppressed in the same degree—and as a natural consequence—in another. This interferes with the "universal brotherhood" that agitators profess anxiety for, but exactly tallies with the selfishness which they practice. I have loaded sugar at a West India island, where the field laborer, with all the members of his family of sufficient age to help, could earn a small fraction of a dollar per day, if he could obtain work; where the planters were finding this pittance too much to give them a margin on which to live; where the brokers were disconsolate, and the merchant was shipping the sugar simply because he could not keep it and meet his paper; and where the stevedore's men victimized the ship by charging a whole dollar per day—several times as much as they could get ashore—and, on arriving at an American port—where the meagre freight received, together with the fares of the ruined planters who came with me as passengers, would not nearly pay the ship's expenses—found the labor that was refining the sugar most desirably emancipated: I paying six dollars a day to the cooper who worked for the ship.

I have heard ship carpenters, when asked why, if they were being oppressed, the builders were becoming bankrupt, say that the material ought to be bought cheaper. I have since been loading the "material" at a Southern port, and heard complaining because the merchant did not charge more for it, and pay his labor better. In short, the argument of the leaders is either "We've got em," or else it reminds me of when I used to wish that my father kept

"the store" at the cross roads, so that I could have unlimited candy, without the disagreeable necessity of paying for it the capital I would have liked to invest elsewhere.

In regard to "Looking Backward," "An Experiment in Marriage," etc., I would like to ask, if the socialistic situation represented in them were possible, would it be tolerable? As I understand it, what man needs to prevent him from becoming a brooding, hopeless hypochondriac, is diversion; and what permanent diversion, within reach of great and small, does this world afford, except the struggle for existence and precedence?

Ennui seems to be man's most intolerable enemy; and who could escape it, if all our wants were at hand? Who would care to pay $20,000 for a pair of horses, if every Tom and Harry whom he met drove the same kind? What would Tom and Harry care for a seat in the "Tantivy," if Bob and Bill could get there too? I ask any man who has been promoted from a rustic and unostentatious dinner table, to dine in the salons of "the rich and powerful," if he would ever have taken the trouble to array himself in the paraphernalia known to the vulgar minded as "long togs," if every Jack and Jill of his former acquaintance was to have a seat at the same table?

Where would the ladies "of high degree" find the dear delights of shopping, if they were debarred the privilege of having the shelves unloaded for inspection; or if the delicate fabrics selected were within the reach of every rival beauty? What

pleasure would the mechanic's wife or daughter have in a new and elegant gown, if the veriest dowdy in their acquaintance could wear the same? Where would the bootblack, or newsboy, find interest in life, if he was despoiled of the pleasure of guarding jealously (with the same pride that a general feels in maintaining unbroken his "line of battle") the imaginary landmarks which point out the boundary of his "beat"; and trying to win, at marbles, the superfluous dimes of his unwary associates?

For my own part, rather than live with nothing to struggle for, like one of a herd of cattle in a rich pasture, give me a regular diet of bread and cheese, and an opportunity to plan, like "Bob Cratchet," for a goose and plum pudding at Christmas.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SOUTHERN QUESTION.

And now we come to another great question, and one of so delicate a nature that I tremble at thoughts of bringing it into contact with a rude and inexperienced pen: viz.; the present relation between the two great parts of our country, so unfortunately severed by a great and—thank Heaven—now obsolete question; which the people of both sections have learned cordially to hate. I see that the *Herald*, in discussing the unveiling of the Robert E. Lee statue, or monument, at Richmond, Va., is inclined to be cheerful about the prospect of becoming thoroughly reunited, and quarrels with a contemporary for making a disturbance about the parade of Confederate Battle Flags.

I am glad that, for once, there is a prospect of my being able to walk arm and arm with this powerful organ; but if I accept it as an ally in this connection, I must insist that it confines itself strictly to mediation, and not use harsh language to either side. There has been, as we all know, too much of this in the past fifty years, and as long as it is indulged in, the bitter feeling will continue to exist. Hydra headed monsters are to be conquered by vigorous stamping; but this is a most deplorable wound, to be soothed into healing by the application of cooling lotions,

and charmed by the delicate touch of the experienced nurse.

Lord Macaulay gives to the world a political character known as a "Trimmer"; whose business it seems to have been to take an intermediate position between two conflicting factions, and struggle to bring about amity, by suppressing, as much as possible, the bitterness of each. Although there seems to have been a certain degree of opprobrium attached to it, at the somewhat rude and factious period of which he wrote, it is the kind of patriot which—at a time when peace is most desirable—as it is now—there being no possible "cause" existing at present, which should make a shadow of a rupture—I most admire. I subscribe heartily to the motto, "in war a tiger, in peace a"—well not exactly a "lamb"—but, let us say, "sheep"; who can stamp her foot vigorously, by way of intimidation.

I have been pleased, during the last few years, to see that where men from both sections meet, the bitterness dies in the same ratio that their intimacy increases. In the army, where they are together all of the time, and where sectional admiration seems to have deserted its members—like Tam O'Shanter's weird pursuers—at the (not "Keystone of the brig," but) centre of the Hudson, between Garrison's and West Point, it appears to have disappeared entirely; and he from South Carolina or Alabama seems to be perfectly indifferent to the question of whether his bosom friend hails from Maine or Texas.

In business it appears to be very much the same;

and if the cool schemer from Maine gets slightly "jumped on" by the hot blood of Georgia, he may whisper to a brother "Maineiac" that it is a latent flicker from the nearly quenched fire of '61, but retires without adding oil to the flame, thereby paving the way to a more amicable future relation.

I think that the principal ones who, at present, treasure the embers, and now and then fan them into a flame, are those who, "perforce," stay at home, viz.: the Editors, and—must I say it? the ladies. Though I enjoy an occasional tilt at the former,—far be it from me, who have basked too little in the bright and glorious sunshine that ever illuminates their presence—to array myself in horrid mail, for a passage at arms with the latter; but as I know that they have a peculiar and inscrutable regard for their physicians—who ever stand ready to mutilate them, or to administer to them their most revolting draughts on the merest shadow of a pretext—I shall venture to risk a mild dose of admonition, which I sincerely hope they will absorb in a like gentle manner.

I notice that when I win a gentleman friend in a Southern State, he is as staunch as a rock; and never shows the least symptom that he considers me an amusing foreigner.

On the other hand, if the friend chances to be a lady—and I use what little influence I can bring to bear on the matter to bring about this most desirable of all situations—I notice that if she does not treat me as a congressman's wife would the Envoy Extra-

ordinary from Arabia or Japan, she keeps up a most desperate struggle to impress on my mind, that the case is purely exceptional ; and that she does not for an instant swerve from the deeply grounded theory that the rank and file of my fellow Northerners are most hopeless Barbarians.

It seems strange to me that those who surrendered at Appomatox—after holding out against a combination of hard fighting, famine and hopeless outlook for success to an extent, probably, unprecedented in history—and those who found it so much trouble to bring about that consummation—did not tell their wives and daughters, on arriving home, that it had long been conceded—at the front—that for a man to be clothed in either blue or grey was no proof that he could not fight ; but left them—like Jim Stackpole in '61—under the impression that one man, all circumstances being equal, can vanquish several others, through whose veins courses the same quality of blood as his own.

I notice that when a Northern man settles in a Southern State, he appears to be on excellent terms with his neighbors ; but I have met a few Northern ladies in a like situation, who appear to be as ready to pour forth the flame of war, as were the cannon of Spottsylvania and Gettysburg.

I have stood on a street corner in Atlanta, Ga., hat in hand, and with head bowed in reverence to the solemnity of the hour, watching the progress of the sad procession that followed to their final—but far too early—resting place, the remains of that promis-

ing young patriot Henry W. Grady; and—having unfortunately not learned of his existence until he was dead, and seeing a gentlemen standing near whose countenance plainly reflected the sad truth that this was no every day loss—ventured to ask, in a suppressed voice, a few questions about the deceased. The gentleman referred to answered them in the same modulated tone, ending with the words "he was the greatest" or "one of the greatest, orators in the South." This appeared to be entirely sufficient for the conveyance of his meaning to me, and gave me exactly the right idea, viz.: that he was a Southern orator, and a great one; and probably devoted his eloquence to the welfare of that section.

But the reverent and mournful silence that pervaded, was insufficient to deter a pretty young Miss, who stood next to us—who was an unconscious inhabitant of the great "heretofore" ten years after all just cause of quarrel had ceased to exist, and should only have been taught to rejoice at her good fortune in having the prospect of spending a lifetime in a re-united country, which must, if it remains so, be, in the near future, the greatest Power on earth—from adding the irrelevant words, "or the North either."

To those who lost their natural protectors in the contest, we must be as lenient as possible in our judgment; but to keep up a quarrel about a "cause" that died twenty-five years ago—and for which our sixty millions will, to-day, not produce a genuine mourner—on sectional grounds alone, is far more injudicious, and quite as senseless, as to be always ready to flare

up at our venerable ancestor Mr. Bull, because the fact that George the Third was a crank and his ministers oppressors, necessitated our fighting at Bunker Hill, Bennington and Yorktown, upward of a century ago.

About the above-mentioned irreparable loss to the State of Georgia—the South—and the (to be) United States, I, as confessed above, knew nothing until after his death; but I have been informed that he made it a point to apply his eloquence to—and that his influence was beginning to be felt in—the work of healing this much to be deplored wound, dealt to our country by the hot-headed and misguided politicians of a former generation; and that he had adopted the wise plan of invading the enemy's territory for the purpose. If this is true, and souls can, as we hope, recognize one another in Paradise, what a happy meeting there must have been between him and the great surgeon whose sad lot it was to be forced to use the knife, and then fall, by the base hand of a cowardly assassin, before he had the opportunity—for which his gentle nature was so much better fitted—of applying the lotions and balms to the wound, which a seemingly perverse fate had decreed should be opened and purged of gangrene, by his pitying—but firm—hand.

I have had no authentic account of Mr. Grady's reception in Boston; but from what I have learned of the man, and what I know of the warm hearts which beat beneath the chaste, learned and Puritanical shell, in which the denizens of that modern

Athens are wont to hide much of their sterling excellence, I do not doubt but that the appearance, in their very midst, of the eloquent, warm-hearted Rebel "of the class of '89," dispersed more prejudice than can be reinstated by the cackling of partisan journals, for years to come.

Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable! Why such men as he and Mr. Lincoln should be removed when they have but just commenced the work for which they appear to have been born, I leave to abler pens than mine to declare; but if it is—as seems to be apparent—the plan of the Allwise Creator, to force us each to rely on ourselves, to escape from the ill consequences of the mistakes of our fathers, let us all take hold, and finish, as quickly as possible, the work which these stout-hearted men so gallantly commenced, and the completion of which will place us in a position to be envied by all who inhabit our planet. But for fear I shall wax eloquent on a theme for which the reader may think my profession but ill fits me, I will abruptly return to the battle flags.

Next to his dear ones at home—I think—the retired soldier loves the few yards of inanimate silk or bunting for the preservation of which he has waded through gore and carnage, faced the metallic hail of deployed battalions and batteries, exposed his breast to the deadly thrust of pike and bayonet, and repelled the charge of the snorting war horse.

Let us, then, who were fortunate enough to fight for the genuine Fourth of July article, not quarrel with veterans who are soon to pass away, (and who, in the

character of fallible human beings, fought for a flag that they honestly thought the emblem of liberty, and have since acknowledged it a mistake) because, like that lovable and most delightful old man, "Uncle Toby," they like to—now and then—remind themselves of "the dear delights of Horrid War." For my part, I hope that they (the flags) will soon wear out; or that some time when I am on a long voyage (I am a man of peace and don't like to fight), we will get into some little disturbance with dark-browed Russians or Turks, which will result in the Vets. of both sections being in a position to parade, breast to breast, under a mutual one of the right color, and bearing the full constellation; leaving the objectionable one to return to that oblivion from which—but for the injudicious disobedience of our earliest ancestor—resulting in the malediction, "the sins of the fathers," etc., it would never have sprung.

I have been pleased to see that trophies of the sad struggle have no place among those of other wars on the grounds of our Military Academy at West Point; and I hope that the local governments, brotherhoods and private individuals of both sections, will strive hard to emulate this proof of good taste on the part of the General Government, and learn to suppress everything which may remind new generations of the unfortunate event.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RACE QUESTION.

And now, having all this time been amusing myself with the easy portion of the subject in hand, I timidly approach the vital point—the Race question. "There's the respect that makes calamity," etc. What can we do with "The Niggero"? I, for one, had much rather hoe corn, than attempt the solution of this vast problem. In the first place, owing to the events of six thousand years, "the sins of the fathers'" mentioned above—and we of the North may take our share of this, having figured as "Early Navigators"—we have got him, and must keep him. Let us, then, of the North, thank heaven that we are, to a certain extent, out of it, and refrain from keeping up a "hue and cry" that will make the situation worse, both for him and our Southern brother. He does not need to be reminded of the change in his lot since the days of bondage. He knows it far too well; and assumes an air of saucy independence unknown to those in his rank of life—leaving color out of the question—in any other country or quarter of ours.

Now the question arises, what is his rank of life? It is hard to answer; but one thing is certain: we of the North, who stay at home, know nothing about it. And we who go South, unless we employ him in some other manner than to wait on us at a hotel table, know but little more.

If we accept his degree of interest in bettering his condition as a criterion, I am afraid that his rank in the South, where he lives "en masse," is very low indeed. I pronounce him a man who, though living in a hovel, with a family in rags, feels no interest in his work beyond what is necessary to satisfy the cravings of hunger and thirst. When he is not in pressing need of money for immediate use for this purpose, he will leave his work on the slightest pretext, and show an indifference to the inconvenience caused his employer in consequence, that I have never seen in any other laborer, of any color, in our own country, or any other.

The laborer elsewhere either works until the contract is finished, or leaves it for some stated reason; and even when it is on account of a quarrel with his employer, shows symptoms of uneasiness, and seems disappointed; but the Southern negro slouches off with the most profound indifference to all interests involved, including his own. The result of this appears to be that the white man who employs him, instead of,—as many of us seem to imagine, persecuting him in every conceivable manner short of the lash of the days of bondage, shows more patience, in the face of disrespect, than I have seen displayed by employers of labor in any other quarter of the globe.

I have to confess here, that there is one phase (and doubtless the principal one) of negro life that I know nothing of, from personal observation, viz., their life on the plantations in the interior. But as far as I could see when I have travelled a few hundred miles

inland, they have the same—as Miss Ophelia very justly remarked—"shiftless" appearance. Doubtless they are more faithful there, than in the cities, as the laborer is in any locality; owing, probably, to being forced to depend on one employer to a great extent.

I wish to say here, that I do not include in this estimation, the good old "Uncles" and "Mammies" so dear to every one both North and South; and who I hope will always exist, but am afraid are diminishing in number under the present state of things, and in consequence of the inclination of "Young America" (of any color), to be wiser than their fathers. If any knowledge of this ever gets to one of their dear old woolly heads, I hope that some one will explain to them that my plan is not to attack their race, but to defend them in some way which will not result in disaster.

And now comes the question of improving his condition. Can it be done by creating ill feeling between him and those with whom he comes in daily contact? And is this not what we are doing when we express indignation about every collision between them that results in damage to him, and this without knowing very much about the circumstances? Of course we *read* all about it; but if there is one thing more than another that I have been trying to show, it is that all that appears in daily journals is not "Revelation."

I ask the Northern philanthropist—at the risk of startling him somewhat—(I mean, of course, he

who vigorously defends the negro without knowing very much about the matter in hand) if he is quite sure that he does not contribute more than his full share to the deplorable race antipathy "in the South." To explain: We hear of a murder in a Western or Northern State, where all are white. We feel the usual horror, lay it to some hardened or insane wretch, and there's an end. We hear of one in a Southern State; if the murderer is white—the victim black, "Shameful!" "Race prejudice of course!" "Golden Gate!" If *vice versa*, "Sad," "Driven to it," "result of ill treatment!" "Retribution!" "Hades!"

The negro learns of this judgment and swaggers; the white man learns of it and is justly indignant. Why should he not be allowed such a luxury as the inevitable murderer and victim—as well as he of the West or North—without being suspected of complicity? Is not the result of this inevitable? Can we expect anything better from the negro than an increase, either of his inclination to murder, or the provocation which results in his own murder? Can we expect the white "rough" to show any change except an increase of careless indifference and a tendency toward having—to use a vulgar expression—"the game with the name," or, to use another, being "as well hung for a sheep as a lamb"? Are we not expecting too much of those who represent the law to ask them to deal too harshly the penalties for crime committed under circumstances of extreme provocation and injurious outside interference?

I do not wish to asphyxiate the reader (if I should get one) under a perfect "cloudburst" of questions; but having warned him before, and having confessed which member of my father's collection I am, I must ask him to "brace up sharp" while I ask a very few more on this most vital subject. I must reiterate here, what I have hinted at before; mankind seems to have been bombarded with opinions—usually urged with overbearing pertinacity—often with insulting insolence—until they have become almost invulnerable to their shock. Can we walk down town without hearing their discordant notes issuing from the garrulous throat of the street corner effigy? Can we sleep, after retiring to our steamboat stateroom, in consequence of their constant ebb from the voluble lips of the nocturnal, rest ignoring politician? Why, then, may it not be restful, and perhaps beneficial, to resort to questions; which may—who knows—result in each securing a revised and improved edition of his own?

But I am digressing; I promised some more questions on the great subject. Who, among us, is exempt from the perversity which induced our respected but highly human ancestor (I am going to be polite now, and leave the ladies out of it) to climb that particular tree which he had been especially ordered to avoid. Unless the Beautiful Garden, from which he was so summarily ejected, was more sparsely provided with fruit trees than I have been taught to suppose, it must have been the Creator's intention to bring about the sin, and consequent "thorns and

thistles;" as he—father A.—would, probably, not have found this one tree, in the natural course of events. Is it not possible that we of the North have been unconsciously, and by the same process, instrumental in preserving a state of things which we deplore?

We have seen a State adopt a combination of a new and very old method of capital punishment. New, in that the principal agency employed is a newly utilized fluid, and old, in that it puts the act and—under certain limits—the time of the execution (I use this term, begging the *Herald's* pardon, because I have never heard the old process termed "ropecution"), in the hands of the gaoler. The latter may be necessary, in order to have the atmospheric conditions right (I knew that the "Yankee in King Arthur's Court" was forced to wait, but supposed it was because it was before the days of the dynamo); but the former strikes me as being Mediæval, and decidedly barbarous. (New York must forgive me for this candor. I learned in one of her journals—the one that caused this public affliction—how free our press is. When I name a senator, and then publicly proclaim him an "ignoramus"—without a saving clause—I shall fear that I have approached a limit.)

Now, suppose this course had been noisily urged on the perpetrators by, say, the State of Texas Would not Kemmler have suffered by the old-established process, at the appointed time (giving him a chance to do his spiritual "packing up" unknown to us who obey the law) unknown to me, and left me

to bestow my commiseration on those more worthy of it?

To complete this rather long illustration — did not the race collisions in the South commence at a period when no one who has read history could expect anything else? At a time when the population were galled by the contemplation of devastated homes, and a defeat which they then thought humiliating, but have since learned to look upon as inevitable? When the ignorance of the "poor white"—that offshoot of the cursed system that had but just been subverted, and which may now be classed with the obsolete—was sufficient to cause him to blame the helpless black, who, owing to the sudden change in his situation—and his simplicity—would supply the provocation?

And did we not commence to clamor for the administration of retributive justice before the worn and nearly famished Southerner had been allowed time to remove his tattered grey coat, stack his battered musket, and build himself a gallows? Have we not kept it up ever since, putting him in a position to lose the credit and incur the opprobrium of having been driven—when he should commence the work? Would not the latent spark of Adamism lurking within him tend toward urging him to wait until he was let alone?

What are our chances of having the negro improved, if we cease this interference? He is emphatically the laborer of the South.

Having been, up to a comparatively recent date,

driven as a brute, he is, out of harness, as unmanageable as his consort in Southern labor, the mule. What can change this except elevation? Every intelligent man in the South knows that his success in life depends, to a great extent, on the quality of his labor. It is, therefore—leaving humanity out of the question—vitally to his interest to improve the negro all that he can. Can we, then, in the face of this reasoning, do better than to leave him to solve the problem alone, and abstain from an interference that can but result in disaster to both races?

And now we come to the consideration of his part in government. The nature of our government makes it imperative that he be allowed to vote; even if he knows no more for what to vote than the mule he drives; but I do not understand that it is necessary to give him public offices, until he gets sufficiently improved—collectively—to be able to do justice to them. I must insist, here, that those who only see an occasional one in the North, with perhaps a gold headed cane and a silk hat, know nothing of him as he lives in the South.

There are not so many public offices to dispose of, that we need, in order to be impartial, search diligently—in a town filled with intelligent white men—for a negro of sufficient intelligence for the incumbency. (If any of the writer's family, or relatives, ever succeeded in getting one, the record is lost.)

I was once doing business in a Southern custom house, with a collector who was about leaving office, and saw, strutting up and down the office in the most

absurd manner, a sleek looking, highly polished and probably educated negro. I supposed, at first, that he was waiting to do business, or was some gentleman's valet waiting his return. I learned, however, that this was the new incumbent.

I do not doubt but that this man was intelligent enough to do a collector's work, though I cannot conceive where he was found, not having seen another in the town whom I would venture to ask to write his name—but I am sure he was not fit for the position. He was a perfect mass of pride and conceit, and it never seemed to occur to him that he was there for any other purpose than to be looked at and envied. I am certain that any white man, unless he was a veteran, would have shown some anxiety to learn how the business was done; but this sable "dude" never heeded us once, except an occasional glance—evidently in search of admiration.

The people of that town appeared to be unanimous in wishing to have appointed to that office, a respectable merchant, a Northerner, by the way, and—as though they thoroughly understood the "Victor and Spoil" theory—a member of the party in power.

Now—after stating here emphatically—what I hinted at parenthetically above—that, though a scion of an Indian-hunting family, who has seen the ancient "Queen's arm" firelock with which my pioneer ancestor was wont to cover his flanks when *en route* to church, I have never seen a relative an incumbent of a U. S. public office; and am not expecting one myself, (unless, indeed, "Electrocution" failing, the

Government should adopt a system of "Keel Hauiocution" and need me for sheriff, or, bless the mark, warden, with power to name the day of doom—with the alternative of substituting a "Malmsey Butt" in case the above named ceremony does not produce the desired effect)—I wish to ask again if—in the face of the fact, which I believe, that, if the public offices of any Southern town, which are in demand, were equally distributed among the men of a sufficient degree of intelligence to fill them, there would fall to the lot of the ill-used negro a very small fraction of one,—it is best to risk increasing the existing evil, by contributing to the conceit, and consequently to the exasperating impudence of the one race, and firing the indignation, trampling on the natural—well call it prejudice if you will, and, doubtless, robbing of their just share of the public spoil, the other, on whom we must, perforce, as shown above, depend for the further emancipation desired.

It may be urged that my exhortation is one-sided, and that I ought to prescribe more forbearance on the part of the South. But self-denial is more appropriately taught from the pulpit; and I hope that the reader will forgive me for confining myself mostly to advantages to be gained by self-interest "taken at the flood"; and, if not, I must plead that—they having the work to perform—we, as our just share, should provide the forbearance.

Though I dare scarcely hope that this crude effort will produce any material good, and, owing to my way of life, do not know but that volumes may pre-

viously have been written in the same strain—and with far greater force and discretion, I can only quote, with a slight variation, the words of Kentucky's greatest son : "If I can be instrumental in eradicating *one of the very smallest of her curses* from the honor of my country, I'll not exchange the proud satisfaction for that of the greatest of conquerors."

CHAPTER X.

POLITICS.

And now we come to politics. After delving for days among advertisements, consulting the almanac to learn why the glorious Harvest Moon—which so staunchly supports the Northern husbandman—treats so shabbily the lonely navigator among the ice floes of South Shetland, rising nearly two hours later each successive night, and, when on the meridian, taking the merest peep at him from the northern horizon, to hurry back to join in the glorious fun of corn husking and apple paring—brushing the dust from the neglected Bible—and finding very little in it congenial with the manners and customs of the 19th century; and searching diligently and vainly, among my dogs-eared collection, for some volume which had hitherto escaped perusal, I was forced back to the *Herald* politics.

The writer commenced life as a politician; at least he remembers that very early, while yet in pinafores, he attended a "flag raising," and, after the ceremony had been performed by his two elder brothers, flung high his—sun bonnet beneath the waving folds of the dilapidated table-cloth, attached to the end of a fence-rail, which served as a flag, and hurrahed lustily for "Frémont and Bacon." (Not having yet found the latter name among the public men of that epoch, he has since decided that it was probably "Dayton.")

He witnessed the birth of the Republican party, upheld every plank of the new "Platform," and gave steady support to the glorious ex-Rail-Splitter who issued from the "Wigwam" as the Champion of Freedom.

The decline of his political career commenced with the boom of the cannon in Charleston Harbor; or rather the consequent throe that quivered through the wires and hearts of a Continent. From this time until he became a sailor, he was all soldier. Manufacturing for himself a wooden gun, he attended patriotic musters of his schoolfellows, stoutly maintained that, in the event of the war lasting until he was of sufficient age, he should fight against secession, and privately hoped that the refractory States would all be in the Federal fold, long before the time should arrive for him to redeem his pledge.

With the exception of a lively interest in our two great soldier Presidents, and a sigh for the apostasy of his old monitor Horace Greeley, he has known but little of public affairs, since the surrender at Appomatox.

Of the Presidents who have been taken from the chicken farms, the New York law offices and (save the mark), from beneath their grandfather's hats, he knew nothing until they were in the field as candidates; and has never been at home to vote for one.

Having been at home on a visit during the last campaign, and having seen his old party enthusiastic for a candidate whose name he associated with the history of his country—to say nothing of his having—

in the character of a somewhat crusty bachelor—become weary of the endless humming of the romantic hive, resulting from the great White House wedding—he ventured, when—on the eighteenth of January following the election—he was informed by a rusty looking pilot who boarded his vessel between the headlands of a gigantic harbor in the "South Pacific," that "a man named Harrison" was President,—to express some degree of satisfaction.

But since reading of the reckless work being done in the Halls of Congress by the dominant party, of their wasting the finances of the country on soldiers for whom we have no further use—they being, probably, for the most part, old, lame and infirm—their monstrous legislation on the tariff—for the benefit of the "few" whom he would like to hear named, merchants, farmers, brewers, manufacturers and the rank and file of American labor all figuring as victims—and the (to him) dark, deep and mysterious manner in which they are marching around the cauldron which is probably to produce a spectre to pronounce the fate of silver, he is ready, on the slightest provocation, to apologize for having expressed that satisfaction, with a degree of humility worthy of Uriah Heep.

If any Republican thinks me too chicken-hearted to be worthy of the Great Pioneer who first led the party to victory, let him reserve his verdict until he has been for eight months entirely severed from other members of his party, and then taken up the *Herald* of July 6, 1890, and learned that the venerable Sol Attequin of Cape Cod, through whose veins courses

the blood of three of the five grand divisions of humanity—Caucasian, African and aboriginal American—only needing a dash of Mongolian to fit him out as the best authority in the United States—after polluting the last thirty of his eighty years by tottering through what he—in his report to the *Herald*—terms "that corruption," which, as he affirms, he "can't stand"—having been "a thinkin'" of it before, recanted the first time he landed a fish for a Democratic ex-President; who pronounced him "a most intelligent man," and, according to that journal, seems to have received a like favorable judgment in return.*

This penitent descendant of the Incas and the kings of Ethiopia appears to have become inured to the vicious manipulation of the tariff, but what he found particularly revolting to his sensitive soul was what he terms (and can probably define if provoked) "the jobbery"! (Oh! that he had explained that dread-

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* "You would not have supposed he was eighty as he sat there * * * with the Indian nose and high cheek bones to protest against the white and African blood in his veins. * * * 'A most intelligent man,' was the ex-President's estimate of Mr. Attequin. And Mr. Attequin was quite as flattering to Mr. Cleveland. At the last election the Mashpee Indians went solidly Republican. They are less unanimous now. Mr. Attequin and several others have gone over to the Democrats. 'Couldn't stand that corruption,' is the reason that Solomon gave me for his conversion. He didn't care so much about tariffs, but the jobbery had disgusted him. 'Been a Democrat long?' said I. 'No, no. I'd been a thinkin' of it for some time, but I've only changed since I've known Mr. Cleveland!'"—*N. Y. Herald*, July 6, 1890.

ful term that I might now learn on what terrible rock we are liable to ground next.)

Would not the great ex-flatboatman himself, if on earth, forgive an humble follower for trembling at such a shock as this?

My only hope in regard to pensions is that the soldiers, and not the politicians—as seems to be the custom in the more local governments that come under the *Herald's* sweeping reform—get the money; and that at least some of it will fall to the lot of honest, generous men, who gave their services, and sacrificed their limbs and health to their country at the time of her greatest need.

My grief in this connection is from the fact that—owing to the unfortunate circumstances of the case—governments making no pretension to philanthropic feeling—but only to gratitude and reward for services performed—none of it can go to the noble fellows who fought as hard for a cause which they as honestly thought to be right—but which was soon after condemned by the most of their leaders, and subsequently by the most obscure Spanish colonies—and who are struggling throughout the great South, with the aid of crutches and against impaired health, to gain a precarious livelihood.

To expect the government against which they fought, to assist them, would be both futile and unreasonable; but let me exhort every private philanthropist to remember, before condemning them as ex-rebels and unworthy of assistance—that every civilized nation pays a chief justice and bench of associate

judges, whose principal business it is, probably, to repair the political errors of the greatest and most patriotic senators.

About the tariff, there is comfort in the fact that those same vicious lawmakers could not possibly have invaded Congress, unassisted by the great mass of victims mentioned above ; and, though I myself have an occasional tilt at a windmill by countenancing protection—knowing, as I do, that "free trade" would result in a "pic-nic" for Jack—causing the Stars and Stripes to float from something besides coal-hulks and the peaks of our future navy—I cannot easily believe that they are so Quixotic as to elect them for the sole pleasure of existing on the ashes and desolation of misgovernment. The fact that the member from Nevada wants silver to flourish, that the "Maineiac" strives to support the sinking ships, and that he from the Green Mountains faintly asks for the subsidy to extend to maple sugar, seems to indicate that there is yet extant a sufficient amount of selfishness to avert this.

That there is some misguided legislation, I, who have seen Act after Act, which were intended to benefit ships and sailors, pour money into the pockets of the boarding master—whom they fondly hoped to suppress—cannot doubt. But let us take courage from the fact that, though history fails to furnish record of a band of legislators who could foresee all of the consequences of their acts, the science has, taken all around, steadily improved since the dark ages, and, let us hope, will continue to do so.

CHAPTER XI.

POLITICS CONTINUED.

To one who thinks he remembers to have seen the word "HERALD" mentioned in its own columns, in connection with some of its own feats of cleansing the "Augean Stables," or slaying some vicious monster in true Herculean style, it is refreshing to see, on the editorial page of the issue of May 29, 1890, the heading "the Republicans *indulge* in a little self-praise."

To see this little weakness designated "indulgence" by one who is under suspicion of having succumbed to a like temptation, gives one hope of the immaculate condition of mankind which some enthusiastic millenarians think will result from our becoming able to see, and ultimately avoid, all of our faults.

Is this not a good opportunity for mutual forgiveness?

If it comes to each waiting for the other to bestow the desired panegyric, I, who am, perhaps, not in a good position to judge—having only heard from one side—earnestly entreat them not to entertain the idea for a moment, but to keep right along in the path already chosen, and enjoy as much as possible the deteriorated article.

Following this on June 18, 1890, appears what Dick Swiveller would term "an inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer," entitled "our Republican friends

in a quandary." In this wonderful specimen of literature, the self-denying man who consented to shake hands with, and to try to conciliate sixty or sixty-five millions of people, is likened to Jack Cade because he promised a millennium in the sale of bread.*

I was not at home long enough to hear of this rash promise, but sailed for the above-mentioned antipodal destination under the impression that this pernicious—I mean romancer—had undertaken, in the event of his election to the august Treadmill, to see to it that it was baked in American ovens; and leave the price to be governed by American wages.

The perpetrator of the article under consideration appears to be in no fear of the original Jack's power ever descending to any of our belabored Chief Magistrates, or he would fear being sentenced to "be hanged with his ink-horn around his neck,"—not for being literary, as of old—but for rendering insane any who try to fathom what the *Herald* wishes to bring about.

I have become inured to dismal groans about

* "No man ever went into the presidency with longer promises than the present incumbent. He was to conduct the country cross lots to prosperity * * * after the manner of that model reformer, Mr. Jack Cade, seven half-penny loaves were to be sold for a penny. * * * These promises have unfortunately not yet been paid, but perhaps Mr. Harrison's plan was to make them during the first term, and keep them during the second. * * * The Republican party has good reason to bite its thumb. * * * It has a severe attack of dyspepsia just now, caused by a surfeit of the McKinley bill. * * * Not to pass it is to admit a want of faith in its own policy."—*N. Y. Herald*, June 17, 1890.

increased Tariff, but here we have the great organ which has the welfare of the American people at heart, taunting the tariff leaders with being only half-hearted, and urging them to, like Macbeth—being deep in blood—wade to the end.

The greatest agony appears to be caused by its "Republican Contemporaries" not keeping up "continuous praise of the Administration." Is it not possible that republican newspapers are "not built that way"? And as to the question of "whether their conscientious scruples, or their plain common sense" is to blame, let us charitably lay it to the latter, as we can accept it as a much needed rest, after four years of as "continuous praise" as any heart could wish.

If the *Herald* became so used to it during that time that it cannot comfortably exist without it, let it remember that the republican incumbents had the disadvantage of having been married in private life, and that during the previous twenty-four years that they held the power, their journals got sufficiently accustomed to the honor, to enable them to carry it off without verbiage and bombast.

In regard to the "second term" referred to—and which the author of the article thinks necessary to reduce the price of the "seven loaves" to a penny—is it not possible that the present "first lady in the land" would far rather give up her position at the end of the first, and give what may then be remaining of her weather-beaten husband—with whom she has probably lived long enough to feel solicitude for his health—an opportunity to save his life—like the

sad remnant of humanity worn to a shadow by the "perpetual motion" known as the "Potter Committee"—(and whose experience should have taught the present victim to appreciate the charms of private life)—by retiring to the mountains (or, if his crime is sufficiently heinous—to Canada) to feed chickens, or, indeed, to tame kicking mules; even though the "Monster thing" which he fondly hoped to please, should be forced in consequence, to "eschew" bread (and "sack") altogether, and "pick a sallet to cool its stomach."

And now we will leave the two Cades, to consider the modern "Paradise Lost." I cannot imagine who are the voters who were so badly hoodwinked about the prospect of re-entering the blissful realms forfeited by our unwary ancestor. I can scarcely believe that the *Herald* is sufficiently cosmopolitan to cause it to squander its "sympathetic brine" for those who have been imported since '84, and those who have since been born, may be supposed not to have cast an injudicious ballot. As to the rest, if their memories are not sufficiently retentive to hold, for the short period of four years, the merits of a Republican Eden, I should not spare them a sigh; but let the present terrible experience teach them to, in future, keep a journal for reference.

If they do not like "protection," they should have read the inscriptions on the banners which they bore "to the breach," during the contest.

I am reminded of a quotation that I used in '84, and it may not be irrelevant to mention it here.

When a cablegram arrived at Hong Kong, announcing the election news, or result, I paid my bets, drew a long breath, whistled, and gave breath to the following: "Now, boys, 'I'd like to see it,' says Billy Barlow." I will not attempt to trace accurately the cause of this outburst; but I am fully confident that it was the result of over twenty years of listening to talk of—— and reading of—— a conditional millennium; and that that same cablegram supplied the conditions.

There may be some passages in this that are a little harsh; but I believe—what the *Herald* often professes to—that "fair play is a jewel." And I ask my democratic friends—and they are legion—both North and South—both East and far West—to believe that this is being written by one who has left a republican mass meeting in disgust, because he thought the above mentioned gem in jeopardy; also that the case was nearly parallel; personal abuse of the man we had taken the trouble to elect President—who, as far as I can learn, honestly carried out the policy that he undertook, and had made no pretension to magic, by which he would put every one "in clover" by the simple act of saying "range, change"—being the cause of exit. Dogs who bark at travellers on the highway, for no apparent reason except because they are in sight, put me out of temper.

In the issue of April 30, 1890, there is an article headed "A meeting of importers," that tempts us to ask the reader to forgive us for making ourselves temporarily plural, until we make known what *we* think,

We think that the *Herald* should not run too much risk of splitting its sides until there has been added a——th amendment to the Constitution, which will enable each American citizen to elect a special President and Congress of his own.

As long as two men have to submit to the same administration, we fear that one or both of them will, now and then, expose themselves to the risk of that journal's cachinnations.

If we have given due attention to historical debates of Congress and Parliament which we have read, we are in a position to urge that a measure has rarely been adopted by one of these bodies, every item of which was entirely to the satisfaction, even of all of the members who voted for it; why, then, should it be taken for granted that, because republican names are to be found among the protestants against a republican measure, they are prepared to wear sackcloth because they did their duty as citizens by helping to elect a Government; and the one, probably—in the absence of evidence to the contrary—that they still think will promote the most good, and avert the most harm?

We are afraid that the *Herald's* proximity to what it itself shows to be the great centre of Boodleism, has so far warped its judgment, as to cause it to suppose that every man is ready to subvert his whole political theory, whenever it threatens to remove a coin from his pocket, and to embrace another, whenever it holds forth a prospect of putting one into that receptacle.

We have heard of people being rendered temporarily homeless by their fires igniting their houses ; of their horses running away and causing them much inconvenience and long accounts from their surgeons ; but we have never heard of their having, in consequence, eaten raw food, bearded Jack Frost, or travelled on foot the rest of their lives.

As this simile may be condemned as not exactly parallel, we would suggest that the former victim would not always risk replacing his fires with the pipes of the "Steam Heating Co."—which, as the *Herald* justly argues, might create a miniature Ætna beneath his hearthstone—or the latter consent to replace his vicious or timid brute by voting for an "L" road through his own street ; lest he be forever deprived of sunlight and sleep, in consequence.

For our part, we hope that the member from Vermont will not be driven into apostasy by any cloud that may appear in the horizon of maple sugar, or he from Connecticut because of a deficiency in protective legislation for "wooden nutmegs."

We will now strive to suppress our indignation, restore our ruffled plumes, wipe our heated and perspiring brow, suppress, as far as may be, the flowery language of Editorhood, subvert our plural personality in which we took momentary refuge, re-adopt the more modest singular to which we are better accustomed, and take a passing glance at the unconscious and apparently innocent characters, our natural repulsion to which was—as related near the commencement—one of the primary causes which resulted

in our unadvised journey in the path of reading which has led us to appear before the public in our present semi-demented condition ; viz., figures.

CHAPTER XII.

POLITICS CONTINUED.

I AM concerned about the *Herald's* chronic fit of "the blues" about the Public Finances. The every-day figures do not fret me much, unless, indeed, we have to pay the item for the support of the German Army *; which is not probable, before we get the worst side of some "Samoan question," which may result in our "paying tribute."

Even the weekly figures are not serious, amounting—with those for which the Prodigal Sons of Congress are yet in search of a method of squandering—to some four hundred millions; or what I, in the absence of returns from the new census, will estimate at seven dollars to each person. On a pinch, we could allow the revenues to accumulate for a year, and pay this privately. We who habitually live up to our incomes, could take in washing for a while.

There are some monthly or quarterly figures, however, that are to an alarming extent serious. I have only seen them once in my collection, therefore I think they must be quarterly.

I had been on deck all night, looking after the in-

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* In 1888 we paid in pensions $80,288,508.77. In 1889 we paid $87,624,779.11. The cost of the German Army, it may be interesting to note, is for this year estimated at $91,726,293. Besides our pensions our army costs $30,000,000."—*Herald.* (Inserted daily.)

terests of the Boston Marine Insurance Co., the night before I got to them; and consequently fell asleep in season to avoid incurring a serious risk to my reason, in trying to comprehend them.

I have lost the paper, so cannot refresh my memory before treating of them. I cannot imagine where it can be, unless the steward, thinking that a newspaper all covered with figures would not be interesting reading matter, used it to kindle the cabin fire.

I don't think that the descendants of those who fought in the French and Indian war, were to come in for any of the "Boodle," and cannot remember of any allusion to the Crusades, or the Battles of Jephtha; but would like to see it again before committing myself.

I have a vague idea that these figures reminded me of when, as an aspirant to the secrets of Navigation, I used to pore over the calculations of Sir John Herschel; but possibly it may have been my earlier researches in Notation and Numeration, or indeed, my more recent delving in tables of logarithms. But I must abstain from attempting an exhaustive treatise on finance, until I have again visited my home, and begged my mother to explain to me the nature of the "Sinking Fund."

It seems hard for the farmers to have to put on another mortgage, because their kind of barley does not give to beer its most aromatic flavor.

If I might judge by my experience in searching the Metropolis, without chart or pilot, for other kind of shops, I should think this a serious drawback to

agriculture ; but the same experience seems to suggest that if American *rye* is up to the Canadian standard, there is yet a chance to employ the acres that are at present devoted to the former cereal.

As for the brewers, I think they might venture to add another cent or two per gallon. The down-town "schooner" might, in future, be built with a trifle less beam, or less one or two timbers, somewhere amidships, where it will not interfere with the symmetry of the structure ; and those who sell the up-town slender glass, would scarcely notice the change.

If this cannot be accomplished, in the face of the reduction in the hours of labor, and increase of those for recreation (?) brought about by the recent "victories" (?) might I suggest—Brewers being proverbially rich, and ready to dower their daughters in a manner to tempt those of the Purple Robe—that he retire with a competence ; and try the experiment of letting the McKinley price of beer place the metropolitan wage-earner in a position to meet the maladministration of the Executive, in the less cared for item of sustenance—bread.

The *Herald* bewails the uselessness of his "strike," if it is to be counterbalanced by McKinley prices ; but I cannot help thinking that, like those of the worthy Falstaff, his bills would be much shorter if purged of "sack ;" and that then he could pay the latter, and yet avoid jeopardizing his livelihood, by resorting to the former.

I hope that Canadian fowls have not contracted a

habit of eating Canadian barley, thereby giving to their eggs a flavor so congenial to the Metropolitan palate, that it will lead to "boycotting" the American article.

Our battered ex-Presidents must have a market for their eggs; and one who has devoted many a youthful hour to bartering them for tea and sugar for a commission, the rate of which depended entirely on the surplus, cannot avoid a lively interest in allowing "Young America" an opportunity to purchase a sufficient number of fish hooks, marbles and sticks of candy, to make this globe seem to him habitable.

I do not sympathize with the *Herald's* grief and indignation because the republicans *buy* votes of the people of color, and then fail to reward them for their noble conduct in selling them, by giving them a portion of the public offices. I may be more easily satisfied than those same colored persons, but whenever I have sold my vote, I have given a quit claim deed when I received the money. I cannot see how one can buy *expensive* votes, without keeping something himself to balance. It is a common thing, in commerce, for gratitude to exist, and I have seen presents made in acknowledgment; but I never heard that it is the *buyer* that owes it. I have never known a shipmaster's wife to bestow a silk dress on the man to whom her husband gives his patronage; but I have seen them exhibit trophies resulting from the opposite custom, till life was, for me, deprived of a portion of its charms.

In treating of Eggs, I had forgotten that butter shared with them the *Herald's* despair; but as the new decision of the Supreme Court, bearing on "Interstate Commerce," will probably fully supply the market with oleomargarine, I presume I may pass it by as a nominal grievance.

I have been trying for some time to ascertain whether the *Herald* is most indignant at the Republican Party's pandering to the terrible "surplus," or its other habit of squandering it. Thus far I have been unable to tip the scale either way; and as the wind is "fair" just now, with a fair prospect of its remaining so, I think I will be forced to leave it an open question at present, and give it another trial some time when I am outward bound, and am not so much pressed for time.

To see the Pirates putting up the McKinley prices, and, "all this in the face of a surplus taxation of nearly a hundred millions," of which, as we learn elsewhere, "before two years there won't be enough left to buy a 'cocked hat,'" is confusing to the inexperienced financier.

I will, however, before passing on, express a hope that, if this surplus is a vicious monster, as seems apparent from the tone of the article from which the former quotation is taken, it may meet the fate predicted by the latter; but, on the other hand, if it is a most desirable fund to have at hand, as would appear from the tone of that from which I have extracted the latter, I can only hope that the price of the "cocked hat" was estimated on the McKinley basis,

and that we may, if we manage to get on without making the purchase, hand a goodly portion of it down to posterity.

I see that "Sugar of Milk," which seems to be a principal article of infant food, is among the bewailed victims of the new "Terror." The reader must forgive me for passing this by. Just as I dipped my pen in the inkstand, I thought of a line from Burns:

"Mind, wicked sinner, wha ye're scaithing,"

and I desisted. Although a bachelor, as before confessed, I know my danger, and don't wish to class American Mammas with my enemies.

I learn that Mr. Cleveland has been sworn as a member of the Bar of the Supreme Court, with a view to pleading before that tribunal. There is food for thought in this. Here is a man who has been for four years our chief magistrate, and yet contemplates active service. How are we to account for this robust state of health, under these circumstances?

If, as seems apparent, the clubs were not, during his administration, plied with the usual vigor, ought not republicans, for humanity's sake, to desist from rallying at the polls? Why should we wish to see issue from the White House, every four years, a human wreck, when it can be avoided by simply staying at home on election day. We have had a man live through a campaign, and retain sufficient vigor to subsequently wield the "Great Seal"; but he was evidently unusually strong in constitution.

CHAPTER XIII.

POLITICS CONCLUDED.

HAVING been made aware that Republican Secretaries require the most robust health to enable them to bear up under the load of iniquity ascribed to them, I was somewhat startled at seeing the words "What's the matter with Tracy or Blaine," with the words "yellow fever," which caught my eye in the column below.

I was soon relieved, however, by learning that the only apparent disease was in the *Herald's* jaundiced eye, looking through the film that spread itself over that optic, whenever in contemplation of the belabored party.

Under these startling words, these officials are accused—(one or both) of sending our sailors to Brazil, in quest of the yellow fever. I should certainly not send them there after a cargo of ice, but if I wished to insure their immediate success in their search for the above-named disease, I should, at that season, keep them nearer home; Key West would be far better. Far be it from me to make a display of the knowledge of Geography which a ship-master may easily possess, by taunting those who are deficient in the science; but this is the journal of journals that knows all about it, and has the emblem engraved on its Editorial page. It almost passes belief that the chronic habit of what sailors call "growling" that

this great explorer has contracted, will not allow it to see that, as June is the month it would choose to search for the "Open Polar Sea," December is the month to start for "Rio" in quest of Yellow Jack; and that if the warlike *Tallapoosa* was not to be perpetuated as the "South Atlantic Squadron," our wise Secretaries could not possibly select a better season for her deposition from that dignity, than the one chosen.

Since writing the above, I have read the article more carefully; having before—as any one is liable to do when suddenly finding something that he can comprehend, after much mystification—jumped at the conclusion that it contained but the one grievance; and having for many years been playing at hide and seek with the above-named malady, I saw my chance, and took a tangent course.

I learn now that the culprit may be neither of the above-named Secretaries, but a third not named in title or text, but the head of what is termed the "Kitchen Cabinet Department."* I am glad that I

* "What's the matter with Tracy or Blaine? What in the world has induced the Navy Department, the State Department or the Kitchen Cabinet Department to send the squadron of evolution to Brazil? Is this some of Mr. Blaine's spreadeagleism or what? * * * Why send the squadron there and needlessly expose eight hundred officers and men to yellow fever? Why do we need to make a Naval show in Brazilian waters * * * which might cause England to send over twice as many ships, twice as large as ours, when the effectiveness of our show would be hugely diminished? This useless * * * will cost the Navy Department * * * through the enormous prices of coal. * * * It

left a blank before the words "Amendment of the Constitution," in a former chapter, because there is but one item of evidence that I can bring to bear on the matter, which might indicate that this Department had existed very long; and if a new one was created, I should think it probable that the above-named Instrument might need some little change; or rather that the former would be impossible, in the absence of the latter. I thought that it was unsafe, after making a long voyage (and not knowing too much about it before), to put in the number.

The evidence referred to is that if these "Departments" are, as seems probable, sub-divided into "Divisions," the word "Kitchen" seems to suggest that one of the "Divisions" of this (to me) new one, may be the "Corned Beef Division," the "16th Comptroller" of which, together with Mark Twain, adjusted the long standing "Contract" between "John Wilson McKenzie," and the U. S. Government; signed "On or about the 10th of November, 1863."

If this vague conjecture is right, the department is old; and I feel more ignorant of the affairs of my country than ever.

I learn also that one of the principal causes of this rather rude sounding outburst (observe that there are no titles wasted in it), was caused by the *Herala's*

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would be far better to keep the squadron in European waters * * * or, better yet, let it come home and let Admiral Walker demonstrate to Congress and the country how easy it would be for *even such ships as he has* to lay New York under ransom or blow it to pieces with his guns."—*N. Y. Herald*, May, 1890.

fear that Admiral Walker's "Man-of-war Yachts" might get hopelessly rubbed out, in point of display —so far from home—by John Bull's "twice as many ships, twice as big as ours"; which he might send over, in consequence of our vanity. Now I am a little inclined to the opinion that John, who knows as well as the *Herald* the price of coal in that locality,—and is, perhaps, frugally disposed as well, would allow us to flourish before our young sister in peace, rather than incur the expense of sending a mighty squadron six thousand miles, for the sole purpose of letting Brazil know that his armor is much thicker than our paint. He would possibly depend on the fact having been translated into the Portuguese language, and on their having, in consequence, read it. Or, he might write, and tell them about it.

Yet, having my country's honor at heart, under pressure of this shadowy hypothesis, I retract the words that seemed to imply the desirability of a change of force in those waters, and admit that the great journal is, perhaps, right, to leave unmolested the above named majestic ruin of a former age; one glance at which would cause our Bovine rival to yield all thoughts of competition, and to wish that the result of his last abortive attempt at naval construction had been sunk at Camperdown, and that he had not since entertained a thought of laying a keel.

If there is danger of the fleets of Europe uniting to quench even her, perhaps it would be well to order her home, send her overland to Chicago to take her place beside Christopher Columbus' fleet, and help

make up the Government "show" at the coming "World's Fair."

But there is one item of complaint besides yellow Jack, against which I feel constrained to protest. This is the *Herald's* attempt to dictate to the Government in the question of where to buy coal.

I understand that cabinet officials are our servants; but who does not allow his servant a *little* discretion? Do we not often give him money and the basket, and leave the rest to him? To insist on having more ships, and then name the coal-yard to be patronized, I think rather heavy dictation for one of us to indulge in; or even "190,500" of us.

I hope that, if the Government takes the advice, "let Admiral Walker demonstrate to Congress how easy even *his* ships could lay New York under ransom," the Admiral will use blank charges; but if it is absolutely necessary to use one projectile to make the "demonstration" complete, I could suggest which part of the town to "range" the piece for, in order that a little diversion might result, that would give us a temporary rest; but I am sure that the Admiral will need no suggestion. If they of the navy form the same attachment to their ships, that we do, I would wager that his best gunner would be employed, and that he would show as lively an interest in the result, as any of us would to retaliate on one that had kicked our favorite dog, or whipped our pet horse.

Of what Mr. Blaine's "Spread Eagleism" may be composed, I can't even form a conjecture. I thought

that we learned all about him in '84 ; but suppose that he has contracted some new vice since ; that is, if it is a vice, and I have recently learned of but few virtues being ascribed to him.

Having touched lightly on the dreaded theme, and not wishing to go into it deeper until I get ashore and learn whether or not it is my duty to commit suicide beeause my father is a republican (I positively believe that the dear old "Governor" thinks that the corn ears grow longer, the pumpkins larger, and that more potatoes are to be found in a "hill," when his party is in power), I will pass on to discuss the great terror of all that that mighty sheet gives to the world—"Boodleism."

I hope that the reader will not be startled at this announcement. I assure him that I am not about to dive into Aqueducts, creep through Subways, rail at Steam Heating Companies, sit on Milk Inspectors and Street Sweepers, walk rough-shod over Barney Biglin, or climb Mr. Westinghouse's Electric Light poles.

I promise to keep as closely as possible to the "stamping ground" of my wise model of the "Channel Fleet," or within the limits of "Sen George's Channel" and "the Good'in Sands."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SAILOR "BOARDING-MASTER."

ABOUT legislative bribery, corruption and undue pressure by interested persons or "cliques," known, if I have got the right idea from very intermittent and mixed reading, by the general name of "lobbyism"—and of the application of which the *Herald* never appears to entertain a doubt whenever a measure is passed by a legislative body, which presents a shadow of advantage to any special interest—is it not possible that there is far less of it than is generally supposed?

We all have read of the affair of the chimerical "Tennessee Land," but this was given to us by our great "funny man"; and if I have learned to correctly interpret this wonderful "Wizard of the West," it was written more in the spirit of side-splitting fun, that represented his modest and ruminating fellow traveller as patiently waiting for the song of the mud turtle, than in that of the sublime undercurrent of truth that make his account of Eastern travels appear, to me, the most authentic of any that I have read.

Doubtless it was intended to show the working of something that exists to some extent; but I shall try to show that a clique may be benefitted by successive Acts, without resorting to it.

I have to confess here that I have never been in

Washington (I visited my own State capitol when last at home, and hope to get to the American "Mecca" before it is too late).

I wish to ask some one who *has* been there if he has ever seen, hanging about the lobbies, or even in the city at all, the genuine sailor boarding master? (If he is ever there at all, it can only be for one purpose; as I believe that the sailors who go there navigate waters too near home to be in a position to claim their share of Uncle Sam's protecting wing; in consequence of which he would find, in that city, no "paying rock" to compete with the rich "deep water quartz," supplied, under our new laws, in ports with a more extensive foreign commerce.)

He may be known by his having one optic covered by a "slouched hat," and the other fastened on whomsoever he meets, apparently to learn whether or not there lurks, beneath the surface, any of the "ingredients" which assist him in his well-known process of improvising sailors for an emergency—and an advance note.

In the absence of an answer, I will suppose what I believe; that he is not to be found, in the pure state, at the great centre of American Legislation.

How, then, in the face of the apparent theory of the *Herald*, are we to account for the successive measures in his favor that have been passed in the last eighteen years?

Perhaps the least understood by the average American citizen of all that pertains to navigation, is the rather complicated process by which we are supplied

with sailors. I notice that most people appear to think that to change a crew is an exception ; and that the usual thing is for men to be engaged when the keel is laid, and for them to leave (with the rats) when the ship has become unseaworthy.

When, however, they learn the startling fact that, in what we term "deep water" ships, or those which go into waters beyond the equator or beyond the two great Capes, and also in the European trade, to make the voyage is the exception, and to leave the ship every time she touches a beach—foreign or domestic—is the rule, they are aghast ; and commence to look for a cause.

As they read now and then of some master or officer being punished for ill-treating his men, they think that they have found it ; but alas ! like an unskilled detective, they have gone wide of the mark by looking too far away.

We read of a mine explosion killing a large number of men, and wonder how men dare to work where there is so much danger ; we do not think of the many thousands who work day after day, without an explosion, because the newspapers do not mention them.

About eighteen years ago, in order to prevent sailors being cheated, "shanghaied," etc., the office of "U. S. Shipping Commissioner" was created. It is not my purpose, here, to complain of individuals who fill this office ; though—like many of my contemporary ship-masters—I have been sadly victimized by some of them ; usually, however, in the small ports.

My object is to show the fallacy of the whole system; and to show that it is a help, however unconsciously to the incumbents, to the boarding-master—at the expense of the sailor; and cannot under the supposition that I have advanced, be laid to bribery.

If I go into it more deeply than is necessary to show this, it is because it appears to be of official, if not popular interest; and as there must, according to the *Herald's* figures, be retrenchment somewhere, perhaps we might commence by asking the government stationer not to issue any more blank crew-lists at present, as they become merely waste paper after the crew has deserted.

Consuls tell me that "the Department" is writing to them to learn the cause of so much desertion. They may learn in that way, but it is not very probable that the Consuls know; and even after I tell them, they have to depend on the opinion of another; and even if my opinion carries conviction, they may think that perfect candor, even to such unpersonal things as governments, is unsafe.

In these days when many would have office, and when postage or electricity is often saved by the new incumbent breaking—however gently—the news to the old one, one cannot be too careful of the truth. It is convenient to have a little time for packing up, when we are to leave an office, and make a long journey.

Another reason is that, even though I do not hope to have, during my time, sufficient change to enable

me to keep a crew for the voyage, and cease a traffic in human flesh of which I have long been heartily tired, I do not wish people longer to be *sure* that the reason why new faces are to be seen nearly all over my ship every time I arrive back home from a voyage, is because I make it a point to make life not worth the trouble of living, to the outward crew; keeping the snow-flakes carefully swept from the yard-arms and rigging during storms—having the copper sheathing at the water's edge brightly polished every time that the wind blows—and lashing them in the rigging, while I invent some ingenious scheme of torture which would put to the blush the feathered warrior of the prairie—in the good old way that we read and hear, of the days of packet ships and pirates.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GOVERNMENT AS "JACK'S" PROTECTOR.

In these days of "Unions," the boarding-master has one of his own. I am not sure that they give it that name, but it is a combination that decides the amount of advance wages to be paid; also, probably —though I am not certain of this—the rate of wages.

If the law does not admit of the full amount of advance being charged to the man—and it seldom does in the writer's experience — the ship-master knows who must pay the balance.

As every man must sign publicly, before the Commissioner, the terms are—probably necessarily—made public; and any man who ships on any but union terms, clashes with the union; and will inevitably "fail to join," and another must be shipped as a substitute.

This has occurred in my experience, I having shipped a crew at four dollars per month above the quoted wages, on condition that they receive no advance. This would have insured their staying with me for the voyage, because they would have at least three months pay due them on arriving at the first port; they being the kind of men—not boarding in a "union" house—who bring clothes with them.

Now if these men had been shipped privately, no one in the town except themselves, the man who found them for me, and myself would have known

on what terms they shipped ; and as I had been told that men who did not board in union houses would not be allowed to ship on any terms, no one would have known that I had shipped any until they were on board the ship and " in the stream."

They would have made a voyage of nearly a year, and had a good amount of money to take on their arrival back, instead of, on arriving at the first port, tramping into the country to wait for the ship to sail, and then returning to mount the block for the next sale, as did those who were shipped for substitutes ; and this nearly every sailor will do when wages are low, and nothing due him.

In order not to figure as the man who is lame in his pocket, and therefore to be suspected of coloring this to suit the state of his mind, I will state, here, that I gained about eight hundred dollars by the change forced on me. A cargo not having been ready for me, I saved nearly this amount in wages and food ; and finding wages unexpectedly low in the foreign port, I got a return crew, the aggregate wages of which amounted to about the same as I actually paid to the outward crew ; or, rather, to those who sold them ; but I was deprived of the liberty over which the American eagle was wont to hover, and did not like it. I was inspired by the spirit of our patriotic fathers, and offered to fight the battle ; but failed to inspire the crew with sufficient courage—either moral or physical—to enable them to perform the part of walking on board ; and they were too heavy to be taken in arms. Where were

the police? Where are they when an honest man wants to work, and the union objects?

To the misguided philanthropist who enthusiastically cheers the "great work of emancipation" being performed by the "unions," it must seem the very irony of fate that they (the unions) extend their all potent protection to a trade in human flesh as damnable as any that he deplores in the wilds of Africa.

As he who would far rather drink and loaf, than work, is among the first to join a combination which will equalize his chances of a livelihood with those of the industrious, and the honest, thrifty workman hangs back till he sees that he must join or lose his chance of employment—choosing rather to drag the street corner effigy, as an anchor in his wake, than to starve his wife and little ones—so the most hopeless specimen of sailorhood is the first to patronize the union boarding-house, and he who would be free to make his own contracts, pay his own bills and support his family like a Christian freeman, must choose between giving up all this, and clinging to icy shrouds, reefing frozen canvas, and patronizing the life-saving stations of the U. S. coast through the long and stormy winters; the advantage of secresy which his trade would otherwise give him, being brought to nought by the publicity of his contract.

The prevailing element of selfishness that pervades all unions, which suggests to them to render dear all of the necessaries of life on which their labor bears, whether it be manufactured goods, house rents,

transported goods or any others that other trades must share in paying for without their share in the spoil, not only to the extent of reduced time, wasted time and increased wages (not to mention the expense of supporting the union) but in extra demands of timid capital as insurance* against probable destruction of property and delay from strikes—will probably perpetuate them till humanity has become purged of this sin ; but if Congress should restore this one element of secresy to the only trade to which it was—and would be again—beneficial—and that one consisting of the hardy warriors who wage a perpetual battle with those mightiest and sternest of adversaries—the elements—it would, doubtless, be one Act which could be passed without suspicion ; Jack's masquerading as a lobbyist being too ludicrous for contemplation.

We will now consider the other end of the voyage. There are some foreign ports where vessels lie at anchor ; and where no sailor-merchant ventures under the ship's bow, with a boat, to ply his trade. There are some where the police do not like intruders, and return all deserters to the ship.

There are some vessels that make long passages outward, giving Jack an opportunity to retrieve his fallen fortunes, get clothed, and have enough wages due him to make it vitally to his interest to return in them. Also, on the return voyage, the crews

* Cotton mills in Fall River and, I suppose, elsewhere, pay regular insurance premiums against strikes and the consequent losses to the company.—AUTHOR.

are generally shipped by men who do not know that we are compelled to carry outfits, and, in consequence, they have clothes with them. This fact, coupled with Jack's frugal habits (at sea, and when not contemplating desertion), which often put him among icebergs and in cotton pants simultaneously, causes him to have wages due him when he arrives.

Owing to all these facts, there are many "shekels" to be paid over in the home office. Where do they go? Alas! where? We see them go into Jack's pocket; as do others who have been studying the inscription—on a blackboard kept for the purpose—"To pay off—*Mermaid* Thursday, 11 A. M." Poor Jack! He is a better drinker than banker. Result. He soon returns to another department of the same office to place his name—or "his mark" whichever is best suited to his literary acquirements—on the "articles" of the *Siren*.

Well, I suppose, at the risk of putting the reader to sleep, I must back this with a "yarn." I have paid a man (who had a family to support, and, after choosing the former of the two courses mentioned above under the head of "shipping," in consequence remained with me for the voyage; enjoying a change of shipmates in five ports beyond the Equator, three of which were beyond the Cape of Good Hope) upwards of three hundred dollars. I urged him to take a check, endorsed to his wife, who lived in a city a few hundred miles away—where he intended to join her in a few days—for two hundred and fifty of it, and immediately post it to her; but, as before re-

marked, Jack is a bad banker, and a check does not look very much like money to him. I failed in this, and saw him go away from the pay department, accompanied by the inevitable escort.

Five days later I met the escort: Dialogue: I, "Where is Jack?" He, "Gone, shipped to-day. *Sea Serpent.* Japan." I,—anxiously, "Did he send any money to B?" He, contemptuously, "Have we too much money in N. that we need to send it to B?"

Poor Jack! Why did he marry under the new law? Now, if I had paid Jack at the cabin table, I might, if I had been in the humor, have cheated him out of a few dollars; but very few. He had his fingers on which to reckon, and could get pretty nearly at it. I should have insisted on his taking a check, payable to his wife, for the greater part of it; and he would have done so, rather than resort to the law. But in the Majesty of a Public Office, under the auditorship of a U. S. officer, freedom must be respected; and Jack must have his bank notes if he chooses them.

Doubtless there are ship-masters who would cheat a seaman of what they could; but here was a man who lost all, leaving his wife dependent on her own labor for the support of his and her children.

I never saw an attempt made to cheat me, in the few years that I lived without a guardian. I once received five dollars too much, and—owing, perhaps, to my having been third mate as long as the office had charms, and was in great hope of promotion—paid it back.

It is irrelevant here, but to show how well Mr. Burns knew about it when he wrote about the mice, I may add that the captain complimented me on my honesty, shipped a new second mate in lieu of the one whose retirement had given me so much satisfaction, and left me undisturbed in a position that I had proved my ability to fill to his satisfaction.

And now I think I have shown that this Act of Congress fell very wide of its object ; and, on the supposition, which I believe, that every member who voted for it honestly thought that he was carrying nautical solicitude to lengths before unknown, and was establishing a nursery which would supply a full outfit of reliable American seamen for our hoped for navy, cannot be laid to (save the mark) "Jobbery."

If any one thinks that I have misrepresented this, let him fix it up for himself. I have supplied the material. He knows something of sailors, knows their weakness and he knows what kind of people usually entertain them. He knows the temerity of unions, and he knows, or can learn, that sailors must be shipped and paid off, publicly ; and that the time for the latter is fixed and proclaimed for some time in advance. He can go to the nearest Shipping Commissioner's office, and watch till he sees a sailor come alone—unattended by others besides his mates—to be paid off ; but perhaps it would be convenient for him to have his lunch with him.

If he likes the study of Anthropology (I have written this word, and then learned that it has not been allowed a place in the "dogs-eared" micro-

scopic apology for a dictionary, which I dignify by that name ; and which I sadly neglected in my description, in a former chapter, of my library ; but I can think of no safer term to express the science, and I yet hope that it may be found in the larger volumes on shore) he can note the difference between our class of sailors, and those who navigate the United States coast, and to Canada, Mexico and the West Indies ; and who the Government allows to leave off knee pants at the usual age, don those that cover the ankles, and manage their own affairs : which, if the habit is allowed to grow on him, one can, I think,—be he ever so unlettered—do better than any one can do it for him. Guidance is always beneficial, if judicious, and is often acceptable ; but guardianship should, I think, be confined to minors.

I stated that it was not my purpose to complain of the manner in which the officials fulfil the duties assigned them ; but if a Congressman knows one-tenth as much about corruption as the *Herald* does he must know that when he creates an office, it does not necessarily follow that it will be filled by honest men ; and should take this conditional draw-back into consideration. I will therefore relate a few of the many instances of neglect, or worse, which I have seen.

When I was sailing as mate, I was once lying "in the stream," receiving a crew as the captain managed to get them despatched on board. Seeing a boat approach, I went to the gangway, and saw that it contained the man who was rowing, and another

who seemed to be too full of *spirit*, to have a clear idea of what was in progress.

After a great deal of pushing, and very little climbing, he appeared on the gangway grating, and asked, in quavering tones, to be conducted to the saloon; as he wished to obtain a drink.

I was struck with the elegance of the few words that he addressed me with, but I knew what kind of sailors an emergency sometimes provides, so did not say anything, except to explain to him that the ship was not fitted with such a luxury; and provided an escort to conduct him to the apartments set aside for his reception; upon which he immediately went to sleep, to dream the dismal visions of the inebriate.

On the following morning he came out, and in the most choice language, asked me to explain his situation. On my explaining that he was an able seaman on board of the P—— and bound to a port which he could not hope to reach inside of four months, he was aghast; and said that it was impossible for him to go.

He then explained that he was a music teacher, and that he had entered a saloon the day before, and having his violin with him, had been led into the indiscretion of playing for, and drinking with, some generous men that he met; timidly explaining that he had not been in town long, and had not succeeded in getting a class that made luxuries available.

He showed me that he wore a white shirt under the blue one that had been put over it, and told me that the cap he wore was unknown to him; explaining that

his hat and violin—which latter he valued at one hundred dollars—were missing. He showed me a newspaper in which was announced that "the well-known musician Mr. F. had departed, etc., etc., to try his fortune, etc.," and said that he was Mr. F.

I explained to the captain, and he took him ashore, and recovered the sixty dollars paid for him. He acknowledged his handwriting on the articles. How did it get there in the face of the fact that a man that the Captain found himself, a few days before, and for whom he was to pay nobody, was not allowed to sign because he was, though evidently a full-blooded seaman, a little hilarious with drink?

At another time, when I ordered a man to loose the mizzen topsail, and saw him make a desperate charge for the jib-boom, I asked for his story.

He had been sent by an uncle of the British Metropolis toward the setting sun, evidently in the hope that he would there be inspired by a talent, or find an opportunity, for gaining a livelihood, which seems to have been denied him in the Mother country. On arriving he had not found any gold in the streets to be picked up, and had resorted to some hay bales on the wharf, as the only available sleeping apartment. While there he was discovered by a humane landlord of a Maritime Hotel, who took him home, gave him a night's lodging, and told him that he could manage for him, with a friend, a passage to return to his affectionate uncle, C. O. D., but that he would have to assist the steward in the cabin, and sign the papers.

The only remuneration this noble philanthropist received, was the blessing allotted to those who open their house and heart to the houseless stranger, and—forty-five dollars advance wages ; after shipping him before "the guardian," as an able seaman.

Since I have been master I have gone into a harbor, in distress ; my crew being used up by a long passage, bad weather, and desperate pumping. I went to the Commissioner at a neighboring town, and told him that I would have to discharge my crew and ship another, before proceeding. He asked me—and I wasted a lot of gratitude on him for being so thoughtful—if I would like two or three men to work on board till I got a new crew. He found them, and I sent them over to the ship on Saturday afternoon. On Monday morning, when I took my crew ashore to put them in the hospital and pay them off, the new men had decided that they did not wish to stay longer. I sent them back, paid their fare each way, besides hiring a boat to put them on board, paid them three days wages, and subsequently learned that they were boarding-masters, who went to engage the crew for boarders when they should come out of the hospital. I have often been plagued by these people coming after my crew, but this is the only time that I paid their expenses each way, and allowed them three days pay for doing nothing else.

Another law to the advantage of the same men was a portion of the shipping act of 1884, which prohibited advances being paid, under severe, and what, (begging the pardon of those who framed them) I

shall call extraordinary penalties ; not only condemning us to lose the money, but to a fine and imprisonment besides ; making it unlawful for us to pick up a man, charitably pay for his board and outfit, without charging him the amount, and shipping him free of advance.

While this law was in full force the boarding-master was more "in clover" than ever before ; because he could receive the same amount of advance from any ship-master who dared to pay it (and probably most of them, rather than let their ship lay, would risk the enforcement of the extreme penalties for such a minor offense as paying a man for his services) and not be at the trouble of balancing up with Jack ; which would demand some outlay in whiskey, if nothing more.

As a coincidence, wages were "quoted" at a very low rate about that time ; enabling us to avoid the temptation to ourselves to go "on the war-path" in search of sailors, and risk delay by putting the ship in the stream, and taking them from the shipping office with boats.

Owing to a reputation which some "Ancient Mariner" has handed down to us as a legacy, the "unions" do not care to board our ships when surrounded by water, in order to enforce their illegal rules.

This law has been changed ; and now we are allowed to pay three monthly installments of ten dollars each, "after it has been earned." The boarding-master gets that amount—well, when our

agents pay it to him ; and we could find the man—if the outraged Government should offer a reward that would make it worth our while—who pays the balance. In short, he doesn't mean to be "left" while he can so easily learn what is going on, and can use his *influence* to prevent Jack from disobeying him.

By the same Act, we are compelled to carry a full outfit for each man, commonly known as a "slop chest." This appears, when looked at superficially, to be a wise law ; and doubtless our law-makers thought, as in the other cases, that Jack was the man to catch the dew drop in this case. Not so. The boarding master, having become accustomed to looking for his advantage in former Acts, readily saw another in this. Here was a chance for Jack (?) to spend the last dollar of the advance, in the usual way. Before, he insisted on getting *some* clothes with it (no sailor living would then go without sea boots and oil-skins, soap, matches and tobacco.)

Now, if he hints at such a stupid thing, he is reminded or informed that all of his little wants are, by law, to be supplied on board. This also has the effect of putting the finishing touch to his improvidence. He has always been proverbial for reckless expenditure and improvident ways ; but never until this last mentioned addition to his protection, have I seen him wearing a well-worn coat next to his skin, and had the honor of supplying him with his first shirt.

I shall next discuss the effect of all this on the

sailor's morals. As said above, he is proverbial for faults; but if, formerly, any one accused him of being mean and dishonest, it was the grossest slander. I am afraid I cannot say the same of him now. I have had them dispute their signatures to orders for me to pay one or two dollars to some one and charge to their account.

The reason was obvious. The paymaster told me that he was not allowed to balance against their wages anything except the advance on the articles; and that my only chance was to pay the money to them, and then try to recover the amount that the order called for; or, in other words, let the man know that he can sign a document acknowledging the receipt of money or its equivalent, and then pay it or not as he sees fit.

What is the inevitable effect of this? Is it elevating? This does not apply to cash advanced to him when staying by a ship in a foreign port, or to goods supplied; but only to an order to pay money to some person named. I do not think it has yet had the effect of making him thoroughly dishonest, and I think that if he was unattended by the "escort" mentioned above, he would pay it; but he belongs to a class of a station in life, that it is not safe to allow to get familiar with the fact that he can refuse to pay his acknowledged debts with impunity.

To be under suspicion, is another cause of dishonesty, and Jack being, as several times remarked, no banker, he is inclined to think that he is in that position, if asked to sign his name too often.

In some of our ports—one, surely, and perhaps all—the Commissioner holds that if we advance cash to a seaman, and he subsequently deserts, it must be forfeited to the Government, unless we can show receipts for it.

Upward of twenty years of experience has not shown me one case of a sailor refusing to acknowledge the receipt of money or goods; and he is always perfectly willing to sign his account before leaving the ship. I mean, of course, before he gets into the hands of his manager. And it is perfectly safe to leave it all till that time; but when we advance him a dollar or two, and ask him to sign a receipt—which one must do to guard against his possible desertion, and our consequent loss by the above ruling—he immediately appears offended, and is more likely to desert than ever. Of course, to tell him that we do it to provide against his possible desertion is most disastrous. He immediately decides that we do not want him to remain.

We will now leave the struggle to prove that lobbyism is not always used by the benefitted, and take a much needed rest by trying to show that it is probably applied sometimes. I am tired of narrating hard facts, and want a change to conjectures.

CHAPTER XVI.

A "DEAD" SHIPPING BILL.

THERE is one recent result of Congressional Debate, that lays that august body under strong suspicion; I refer to the fate of the "Subsidy Bill," lately under consideration, and which I learned, by Cable, before sailing.

That Congress should, in the face of the habit it has contracted of extending its protecting wing over American "bottoms," until Long Island Sound has become nearly filled with them, fail to pass any measure for the assistance of navigation which it has in hand, almost passes belief; and savors strongly of "undue pressure."

Do we not know that those same "bottoms," together with their now vanished "tops," once cruised alone over the trackless waste, forced to toss about in the most violent manner—often rolling "yard-arm under"; were compelled to wait for wind and tide, much to the detriment of their owners and to the impatience of the mariners, and were able to make, often, not so much as one voyage in the year? And do we not know that now, after having enjoyed the constant solicitude of the Houses of Congress for a long term of years, they enjoy the luxury of sailing in fleets, united by the strongest of bonds—a modern steel hawser; are pampered and petted by being kept in perfectly smooth water, and to avoid a possibility

of their dipping their yards in villanous brine, have had them all sent on shore; are being impelled by that modern luxury steam—in lieu of the treacherous topsail which had to be reefed when the wind blew, or be blown from the bolt ropes; and can now make the astounding number of from twenty to forty voyages in the same length of time?

Are we not aware that they once, with no assistance, were forced to carry the Stars and Stripes into regions before unexplored, to cause them to wave in the remote seas of "Cathay" and Malaysia, throughout the gulfs and bays of India, along the coast of Africa and all around the mammoth isles of Australasia? Whereas, Congress now keeps that gallant banner at home, and, for the greater part, on shore; and as a significant sign that they (the "bottoms") will never again be called upon to perform that arduous service, they have been allowed to destroy the place where they were wont to hoist it.

How suggestive it is of Western progress that the ships of the Maritime countries of Europe—where Liberty is in its infancy or yet unborn—have not yet been emancipated, but must still buffet the angry waves, and pander to the selfish spirit of Parliamentary Organizations, by carrying their foreign commerce to distances unknown even to our voracious ancestors; thus exposing their uncherished bunting to the inclement weather of the Great Southern Capes, the cyclone of the Indian Ocean, the Typhoon of the China sea, and the Pamperos and Suestadas of our sister Continent.

How judicious it was in our wise Fathers, to choose

for the National Guardian the Eagle, who habitually hovers over mountains and forests, instead of the weird, lonely and distance ignoring Albatross, whose form could not much longer be remembered; and whose likeness might ere long be lost to us, and our Coat of Arms be allowed to degenerate into the engraving of a mere buzzard.

On first learning of its fate, and having only superficially read a copy of the ill-fated "Bill," I was at a loss to identify the Lobbyist who would use his influence to bring about this primal and startling neglect, which would leave the Towing Companies of our coast deprived of all remuneration outside of the freight on the sparkling Pennsylvania diamonds, which have replaced the prosaic bales of Indian silk, the sneeze promoting spices, and the dried leaves of Mongolia, with which our "bottoms" were once freighted. But on a more careful reading of the instrument, I learned that the benefit was not to extend to the pampered ones above referred to, but to us who were yet at sea; and, probably, to induce us not to further obstruct the track of the palatial floating structures, in which Congressmen risk their valuable lives while *en route* to Bar Harbor and Newport; also that the conditions of the benefit were, that a steadily increasing portion of our crews were to be Americans.

In view of this new phase of the question, is it not probable that the widows and orphans of those ruined ship-owners who injudiciously continued to send the flag away unauthorized by Congress, have—

knowing that the American sailor of to-day who has not obeyed the Biblical injunction to, in certain contingencies, "flee unto the mountains," has contracted the habit of carrying his wife and baby with him on his voyages (in which consideration the "subsidy" would be swallowed up in increased stores, and the addition of flagons of "Soothing Syrup" to the medicine chest)—rushed to Washington in a body, and begged our law-makers to desist from passing a measure which would irritate the *Herald* by using up Government stationery, and be futile in preventing the further obstruction of their great highway in the pursuit of pleasure and recreation; probably, also, explaining to them that even if the few remaining rovers were not run down and sunk by their myriads of European contemporaries, there are not enough of them left to materially increase the danger of collision above referred to.

As for American sailors of the other species, I can conscientiously affirm that for upwards of fifteen years, I have not known one to leave his farm in command of his son and heir, and go farther than the West Indies; not meaning, of course, youngsters (who had read of the exploits of Crusoe; and who made one voyage, to retire in disgust at its end, because they had not, thus early, realized their fond vision of being cast on a desolate island) or officers. Even the latter I have not myself enjoyed for upward of three years, excepting an old-time specimen of the genus "Cape Coder" who made a voyage because his brother-in-law—owing, probably,

to "family jars"—had decided to, for a while, run the light-ship without his assistance—and a juvenile one, which I manufactured myself, from very raw material; and who is either the very biggest "fool of the family," or is not yet of sufficient age and experience to be accepted, by the Government, to assist his father in the same occupation.

I have had one who "hailed" from the United States, but whose accent was deficient of the peculiar rhythm which would make it compatible to the ear of an "old residenter," and whose question about the location of "a place called Vermouth" caused the writer—who lisped questions to his mama about Molly Stark's conditional widowhood nearly as early as he learned to absorb maple sugar—to suspect that he was an American of the Castle Garden description.

My stewards are usually Americans, but of the "Sol Attequin" class, who, according to a well-known authority, cannot endure "jobbery;" and should, in consequence, either retire to Congo or the Rocky Mountains, according to which item of blood is the strongest.

I place them with this class—although my inexperience of prairie life does not admit of my detecting aboriginal characteristics—because, on my asking my present incumbent—when in the mood that I incurred by reading the history of the above named product of amalgamation—what was his opinion of "jobbery," he wiped the perspiration from his brow, placed his lamest leg at an angle that would guard against the

evil consequences of a possible ill-timed "roller," and gave tongue—in a manner to force conviction—to the words, "I don' believe in it, cap'n."

I have since, before committing myself by giving this hypothesis to the public, made "assurance doubly sure" by asking him if he ever sold his vote; and his indignant denial showed, conclusively, that he did not belong to the other class, who, according to the same authority, sell out to the "victor," only to be denied a share in the "spoils."

If this Act had miscarried at Albany, where the supreme authority of the *Herald* seems to be acknowledged, I should suspect it of complicity in its fate; I having read a few murmurs of disapprobation in this great meteorological journal, which probably gets sufficient data for its researches from the present foreign fleet, and is not in want of American observers; but to suspect any one in Washington of obeying the Divine injunction, "Do good unto those," etc., sufficiently to cause them to listen to its warning notes, would be not only to discredit all that the *Herald* itself says of them, but to class them among those not fit for contact with this wicked globe.

And now having, as I think, shown—as to whether lobbyism prevails or not—that, like the danger of, in certain contingencies, touching "the Good'in Sands"—"it may not but it may," I will pass on to consider the respective merits of the Pulpit and Sunday newspaper.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PULPIT OUTDONE.

THE *Herald* says that the Rev. Dr. Deems has declared that the Sunday newspapers are too "good" and rob the churches of attendance; and modestly adds that, although its own name was not mentioned, "of course" it was meant; after which it proceeds to assure the Reverend Doctor that he is right, and that the *Herald* does teach *more* than is taught in pulpits.

I have no acquaintance with the Doctor, but an ingrained respect for the "cloth" forces me to think that he may not have meant the *whole* of the *Herald*, if that journal had the honor of being the uppermost in his thoughts; but to the latter assertion, I heartily agree.

I should be sorry to hear any Doctor of Divinity, in New York or elsewhere, even admit that "*good*" reading may be found under the heading "His nose was smashed," followed by a cheerful account of a most engaging "fight to a finish;" which, unfortunately, does not always finish that amusement for life, but usually leaves them to recover, under the surgeon's hands, to add to their laurels on a future occasion. Perhaps this is not "the newspaper," but only the "sporting editor."

Then, who is "the newspaper"? and where does this "sporting editor" hide in the day-time; after giving

glowing accounts of nose smashings and jaw breakings, accompanied by such misplaced terms as "manly art" and "noble self-defense?"

Why cannot a so-called "athletic club" practice the noble games that give ease, grace and strength to the forms that God has given to us, without outdoing the brutes, by including—without the feelings of enmity which is an apology for the brute—"smashing" them to pieces for mutual amusement; and to make a chance for an interesting "bet"? Why can they not use the "drop a nickel" striking machine, and save their noses for their friends (if they have any) to look at?

I think it no harm to practice boxing sufficiently to enable one, in an emergency that *may* occur during a lifetime, to defend himself with his fists; but if it must necessarily follow that, as soon as he becomes an expert, he shall rank himself with the brutes, and have his "developed" form mutilated for the possible honor of having "drawn first blood," or of "getting the first knock down," to amuse those whose taste is as barbarous as that of the gladiatorial days of Rome, I think it better to take the very small risk of going through life without gaining the science.

Of course I am aware that many who patronize the ring would not fight in it, even if he were as strong as Samson; but I see no difference between those in the ring and the spectator, except that the latter is usually of a class that ought to have developed other tastes, while, perhaps, the former has always been a savage.

We read in fiction of expert boxers performing heroically in the cause of the right and the oppressed; but who has ever seen it in life?

One who has spent the greater part of his life among people before whom to quail would necessitate the employment of a surgeon or a cabinet maker, has never seen a time—on shore—that he could not fight a better battle of that kind with his hands in his pockets, than out.

A bully is the only person that one need fight, and they are invariably cowards; and a coward has a far greater fear of a steady eye than a developed muscle. He can measure the eye without striking a blow; but his appreciation of strength only comes after a hard fight, which must result in both parties being left in a position to shun respectable society, until time has healed the bruises. There is so little difference at the end, that I think it best not to tempt the brutal instinct that seems to be hidden in many (if not the most) of us, by making preparations for an emergency that rarely occurs to those who use no aggressive measures to bring it about.

I excepted on ship-board, because there there is not as much room as on shore; and if one meets a bully, he cannot choose another street in future. But even when a boy, I never found it necessary to do any more than to fight, and the event did not materially affect my after peace.

If I lost the battle, popular opinion was on my side for showing the spirit to fight, and a readiness to renew the contest on a recurrence of the cause;

and the bully succumbed to that, if not to my prowess.

This is perhaps not a pretty subject, but when a newspaper that publishes such occurrences in any other tone than that of horror and disgust, has the assurance to compare itself favorably with the pulpit for "good" influence, perhaps I may be allowed to protest against a disgraceful indulgence in brutality, whose only cloak is the pretense of fostering the ability to protect innocence, and which, as shown above, is of the thinnest gauze to one who "has been there."

Perhaps some may think it not worth the trouble; but when twelve hundred people get together to see, not two of the Masters, but an ordinary pair of bruisers, it looks as though it is time to quarrel with those who publish the accounts, side by side with the sermons of the pulpit.

I do not wish it to be understood that I am one of those Millenarians who think it best to be unarmed for battle, but am only discussing the question of what is the safest and best physical weapon to be used.

I admit that a steady eye will not supply to a Government the place of powder, and facilities to use it, unless, indeed, it be accompanied by a very steady tongue; and even then there is great danger of oppression. But the strength of a Government may be more readily noted, than that of the human frame.

A century has apparently made but little difference in the three qualities of man—fierceness, avarice and

pride—that Cowper said must result in war; but man's natural timidity about plunging headlong into what "we know not of," may, if we all hold the untried modern weapons, avert it for a long time.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AROUND THE WORLD.

I LEARN that the renowned Geo. Francis Train has again come to the surface to "blow"; and has been engaged in travelling around the globe, in the hope of breaking all records. I have been much excited about his progress, but have got out of all patience with him, for having, after having arrived where he was to have a fair wind for the rest of the voyage, stayed two days to yarn with the *Herald;* because, forsooth! he had beaten Jules Verne and Nellie Bly.

How does he know but that those two days may necessitate his starting again, almost immediately, or giving up the honor gained? I, myself, might have been nearer the winning post than he supposed me to have been.

If I had sailed three hundred and sixty—instead of four hundred and sixty—degrees of longitude; had left out my two hundred of latitude; had only stayed in port long enough to tell the newspaper man about it; had had a fair wind, instead of a northerly one that kept me in the far South until the albatross, the Cape pigeon (pintado) and the sea elephant mistook me for a desolate island, and began to contemplate forming a new "rookery"; had had no gales to convert my sails into detached balloons, leaving me to hunt my lockers for bolts of canvas, balls of twine and cakes of beeswax, and then to search madly

among my South Pacific tramps for a man who had before seen a "palm and needle"; had had no heavy Cape Horn seas to fill my bed with a mixture of splintered wood, broken glass and salt water, causing me to be frightened into "running before it" when I wanted to get—if my salted wind-jamming contemporaries will allow me to use the term for once—behind it; if I could have avoided the "Horse Latitudes," the Equatorial "doldrums," the calms of Capricorn, and the many other calms which occur while Boreas gets his breath; could have kept in "fair" currents instead of "head" ones; could have escaped all of the other "natural ills that (pickled) flesh is heir to"; and could have sailed a few knots faster, I would have given him a hard race.

My two hundred and forty days, beside his sixty-six (if he kept good company in New York and got away on time), would probably fill him with contempt; but I think that he will do well to have a watchful eye to the future. The fact is, if they do not cost too much—that I mean to have a "Psycho" next voyage.* I have not an idea what it may be, not

* "That Geo. Francis Train is the happy possessor of a *breech-loading double-barrelled Psycho*, there can be no manner of doubt. Talk to him about going around the globe in seventy-two days? He laughs at you and declares that that is the feat of a girl. * * * Geo. Francis and his Psycho have reached New York. * * * He proposes to spend a couple of days in this city, and then beat all records as easily as he would *roll off a slippery log*. Early next week, if that Psycho hangs on, his train will roll into Tacoma. * * * Geo. Francis is *no slouch*, likewise his Psycho."—*N. Y. Herald.*

remembering to have seen anything bearing that name hanging up in a ship-chandler's shop ; but they are evidently of great assistance on a voyage, and as I am used—as before hinted—to having new inventions arise while I am at sea, I have very bright hopes of being able to drop on one.

Perhaps Mr. T. might lend me his, if he does not learn to suspect me of wishing to eclipse his record.

If I did not know that the *Herald*—when it has become weary of laughing at misguided voters—and at times when the Aqueducts are clear, the Excise Board scrubbed clean, the Barge Office ventilated, and the Sheriff's office disinfected, with no threatening clouds hanging over the City Hall, Albany or Washington—sometimes indulges in wit so keen as to cause me to regret that the sad condition of politics will not admit of its devoting more of its time to that luxury—in which case I should neglect my navigation on alternate days—I should fear that it might be a piece of modern ordnance, that is either of recent invention, or has escaped my superficial researches in that science ; as it is described as a "double-barrelled, breech-loading Psycho" ; but as that journal often indulges in the trial, and, when not indignant at the dominant Party, is eminently successful, I am in hopes that that description is only a joke ; and that I will find it within my means, even if the "Subsidy Bill" is never rescued from that fearful chasm known to legislators as "the table," deleted of its impossible conditions and passed.

Another reason why I doubt its being ordnance is my inability to see how it could, in its present incomplete state, be utilized for speed in long journeys; as one would, after having fired himself a dozen miles or so, be under the necessity of pulling himself together, brushing the dust from his clothes, washing the powder from his eyes, and walking back to reload himself.

Another thing that troubles me is the *Herald's* saying that "if that Psycho hangs on, his train will roll into Tacoma," etc. This would, looked at superficially, appear as though it is a contrivance to facilitate land travel; but I am in hopes that he was only just taking it home with him, to have it handy in case Verne or Miss Bly should start again; and that the miscarriage in point of "rolling" to the winning post, hinted at in case of its falling off the train, may simply mean that he would probably return to search for it.

It is perhaps useless for me to conjecture as to what it may be, but I have found out a little about what it is not. It is evidently not for measuring the distance or rate travelled, because he mentions the latest contrivance for that purpose when he announces that he can beat all previous records as easy as one can "roll off a slippery log." *My* log is not slippery; but just a brass casting, with fans or wings, which cause it to "roll" itself, when drawn through the water; and attached to a line which turns the hands of a clock-like contrivance, fastened to the taffrail.

Many years ago we used one made of wood, which, after long use in salt water, became *very* slippery ; but we used to "reel" that kind off, and as the word used here is very distinctly "roll," it is probably a new kind, within reach of British steamers, but inaccessible to us until we have some less conditional, and more successful legislation.

Another thing that is distinctly said about it is, that it is "no slouch." I haven't a clear idea what was meant to be conveyed by this word, in this connection, but suppose it must be used technically and understood by editors and people on shore ; as it is also applied to Mr. Train himself. The only definition given it, as a noun, in my little dictionary, is "hanging down." This would not apply to a man, as they almost invariably hang *up*, when they hang at all.

I hope he made sufficient money on horse railroads to pay those enormous sums for "specials," but if they did not pay him better than "Tramways" did, I am afraid that proud Tacoma will be under the necessity of starting a contribution box for him to build up with.

Well, I have surely lost the race this time, even if that Psycho dropped off on the Michigan Southern, and was not missed until descending the palisades of the Cascade Range ; and the gallant traveller was forced to walk back, recover it, and carry it in his arms to his Far Western destination ; but as I like the injunction "never say die," and wish to arrive before my mother forgets who I am, I shall continue to trim what canvas I have remaining to the present

passing zephyr, expose my dishevelled yards to the future stern Nor'wester, that usually greets me when I approach "My own, my native land," reap the meagre second prize that awaits me if the fell McKinley has not yet ruined my consignee, and add one to the gloomy countenances that reflect the despair of those who languish in the Maritime Exchange ; and which gloom is now, probably, deeper in consequence of the quickly fading hope that arose at sight of the aurora that faintly struggled to shine on us from Washington.

May Mr. T. long live to enjoy his victory, and may the sly coal merchant refrain from dazzling, with his shining gold, the eyes of my bereaved owners, until I have had a chance to try him another race, or, at least, till I have earned another row of shingles to cover the hut that, let us hope, is to shelter my declining years from "the sunshine and the rain."

CHAPTER XIX.

AN EXPLORER TO BE MARRIED.

I NOTE that the great explorer, Mr. Henry M. Stanley, is about to be married ; and that his future lady has announced her intention to accompany him on his subsequent expeditions. This is the most cheerful news that has been culled from the conglomerate mass of which I have so long been a student. It causes a lonely navigator to heave a sigh —not for the hackneyed and vain conjecture about "what might have been," but the new and hopeful one of "what may yet be."

Perhaps one of the principal causes why the writer has not closely studied the matrimonial market, whenever opportunity offered, is because of the terrible difference between the vast "all" which is offered to the fair chosen one by the mighty masters of courtship and acres, of sentiment and position, of eloquence and wealth, and of assurance and charms, with which fiction—and perhaps life—somewhere—abounds ; and the sad "little" to be laid on the altar by the master of rudeness and barbarism, of dullness and solitude, of ennui and privation, and of diffidence and roughness.

But here is an example of "Heroineism" that gives one courage. Why should not a lady brave the chance of arraying herself in a "suit" from the slop chest—instead of from Worth—and help out of a

nocturnal emergency by baling water from the cabin floor (as the writer has witnessed in the days of matehood) as well as to risk being clad in jackal and hyena—instead of seal—skins, and, while standing behind the sheltering wagon of a caravan, load and pass muskets to her warlike husband when engaged in despatching Zulus and Ashantees?

Why should she more fear association with the civilized Cannibals, who, when the ship arrives, rush to a metaphorical feast on her husband's earthly substance, than to fear having her society limited to those tattooed ones of the Savage State, who are liable, at any time, to serve him up literally?

To be sure it is not so exciting to witness the catching of a dolphin, porpoise or shark, or to see the occasional spout of a whale, as to partake of the lively sport of despatching lions, hippopotami and giraffes, or listening to the roar of primeval elephants; but as some ladies are more easily satisfied than others, I may hope that those may be found who would be willing to dispense with the latter recreation.

I suppose Mr. Stanley's habit of spending his "off" time in Courts and palaces has given him more polish than is to be acquired in ship chandlers' shops and brokers' offices; but I have dined with the Premier of Quebec, seen Lord Stanley of Preston, and have raised my hat to the Queen of Portugal; and I could buy a new razor and carry a comb and hair brush on my future voyages.

We have the weather pretty hot, sometimes, and often pretty cold; but if we are to believe Mr. Haggard, they have both in Africa. If we do not correctly locate Yellow Jack, and promote the mate for a voyage, there is danger in that; but I think that I have read that miasma flourishes in the "Dark Continent." We cannot kill venison for the table every day, but we can carry coffee and flour, and not desert these necessaries of life at the instance of a dead—or out of pity for a lame—mule. We do not carry a Maxim Gun, but in these days of disguised pirates there is not much use for one. It is held unlawful for us to shoot those who board us in civilized harbors, and those of the open sea have passed away. A smaller weapon is, in these days of double topsails and small crews, sufficient to slay an adequate number of sailors to partially allay the bloodthirsty spirit ascribed to us, and leave enough to work ship. Mr. Stanley has a Parliament at his back, but we have a Congress beckoning us to stay at home, and not further risk life and money in a useless struggle.

We also have a "West" to go to, if we can find the way; and where we can live—if we always "get the drop."

I hope that my lady friends will take all these things into consideration, and try to emulate the fair Miss Tennant by giving me more encouragement; or, in the language of one Cuttle, contemporary of he of the Channel Fleet—"throw out a signal." I am sorry that I have not a phonograph, like the

great inland explorer, in order that we might bag up reminiscences to carry on our voyages ; but perhaps my old lady friends, who have pined for years to see me impaled, may throw one in among the wedding presents. Perhaps if I have any money remaining after buying my Psycho, I will buy one.

CHAPTER XX.

AMERICAN WOMEN.

I SEE that Max O'Rell has come to the front, to give us another lift out of the ridiculous position we occupy in the estimation of many who aspire to literature in the outer world; I refer to his comparison of American women with others.

I have often wondered why I have never met the American woman of the British stage, anywhere except in a British theatre. I thought that perhaps my American eye would not allow me to detect the coarseness which the English dramatist usually gives to this character; but here is a foreigner, who appears not to have been able to find her, by extensive travel in our country.

I have sat at a hotel table with the chief actor of a play that I had seen on the previous evening, and asked him if he had ever travelled in the United States. He answered that he had played there for years.

I then asked him how he dared risk his reputation by walking the stage with an American heiress, who was treating members of the English Aristocracy to language more rude than any that he had heard any American woman use, even in the most rustic society that he had ever seen on our Continent; in face of the fact, which he must know, that when an American girl's father "strikes ile," and she

is suddenly brought into contact with refinement to which she has not been accustomed, instead of treating her new associates to the most boisterous and rude language that she can possibly command, she maintains the silence which is proverbially "golden," until she has not only learned what to say, but exactly how to say it (which time, according to our French champion, is very short indeed).

He admitted that he had never seen a model from which to fashion the uncouth caricature by which he had been supported, but summed up the reason of his toleration in the words "it goes down."

I hope that the British metropolitan stage (about which I know nothing) allows a place for a different character to represent a race of women to which this Parisian critic gives one of the first places in the world, or I shall fear its not "going down" much longer.

I suppose that these authors, having been used to representing their own *parvenus* as loudly protesting their equality in language which disproves what they say, think that, as Americans often have less notice of Fortune's smiles than they, it is necessary to increase this vulgar trait, in the same ratio as that of the accession to wealth; and do not stop to consider that Yankee invention often suggests a totally new scheme for immediately arriving at a success that others have long been struggling in vain to approach.

It is cheering to learn that the American husband is only to, like a well-trained mastiff, follow in the

wake of his "Queen"; and not, like his French rival in the great work of establishing feminine supremacy, be "led by the nose" through life.

I am glad that it is in France, and not in America, where beauty is a crime. I do not like criminals, and to gaze on beauty, after three or four months of an uninterrupted view of shaggy countenances of leather, is one of the rarest luxuries to which I aspire. I believe that the commander of the *Cautious Clara* was not free from this weakness.

I am also glad that it is in France that one newly introduced to a lady, must talk of the latest bonnet, or prove his good breeding by keeping silence. The latter is not much in my line when an opportunity offers of breaking it (which is rare), and, though I have been so struck with horror at new shapes in bonnets and hats, as to immediately write and beg my sisters to put theirs in the box, and wear the old ones until I had sailed, I am afraid that my discussion of them when only just arrived, and when most in need of a gleam of sunshine from bright eyes, would be far from eloquent.

If Mr. O'Rell thinks that the "flutter at school" is confined to France, it is because when he studied the subject in the United States, he did not stay long enough. He should have remained until a "new neighbor" had arrived in the district, to send to school a fair young "Helen," to rule her many admirers with the imperious bearing of a Duchess.

He should have seen the youthful cherub, who had but lately contemptuously passed a familiar bevy of

fair young maidens who were timidly hoping for a "slide," sitting with his largest book (his "Gogfry") between himself and the "master," gazing with the mellow eye of Romeo at the fair queen across the aisle, or glaring with the blazing orb of Othello at some lucky urchin who was the possessor of a larger and more tempting "sled" than his own.

He would, at the same time, perhaps, have had his present admiration of American girls increased by seeing the above mentioned bevy swallow their disappointment at not getting the desired "slide," and gather around the fair stranger, offering her an affection as pure as a lily—as free from malice as full of devotion.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE "INK SLINGER."

THERE seem to be more kinds of courage among men of this world, than there are colors in the rainbow.

When one of Dumas' characters was about to engage in an insurrectionary war, he was complimented on his well-known courage. He answered that when standing beside King Louis, and that Monarch said, "Gentlemen of France, advance!" he was brave enough; but that it might be a different case when he should be ordered to "advance" *on* the *son* of that King, "wearing the same Cordon Bleu" in which his father led his armies to victory.

Perhaps, in this view of the great quality—which seems to indicate that its stability is tested by the unpopularity of the "Cause"—the most courageous man of modern times, is "Jack the ink slinger." Here we have a man who is not only ready to brave the indignation of the world of loveliness, but who cannot expect one note of approval from Monarch or boot-black—from Duchess or cinder wench.

The lion stalks alone in search of his prey; but his mate and cubs are in the vicinity, and ready to join in the feast attending victory, or to howl with grief over the remains of their dead warrior, in case of defeat; but this courageous being must even keep the dread secret from "the wife of his bosom."

The most hopeless specimen of womankind which this world affords, might be ready to destroy the fair possessor of an elegant "suit," or to brave jails and penitentiaries by stealing it; but to countenance the application of one spot which shall detract from the beauty of the adored Deity—Never!

If this man is sane, as appears to be the opinion of those who arrested him, what mysterious mission can he have in hand, that urges him to destroy what fills the rest of us with reverence and awe, second only to that which we feel for things not of this world?

If, as seems to be the decision of the *Herald*, he is a monomaniac, in what part of the realms of Pluto—the furies of which relented at the music of Orpheus—could be found a fiend black enough to lead him to this? To one who has resisted the soul-stirring notes of a Strauss waltz, through the fear of bringing his web feet into a collision which might result in soiling the most obscure hem, or disarranging the most immaterial "tuck," it seems as if a drop of "dew profound," plucked from the "corner" of Sirius himself, could not be distilled into a "Hell broth," which could produce such a monstrous imp of Satan.

The *Herald* recommends that "as he has sailed into the north of my lady's opinion," he be "frozen into an icicle*;" but I think this course is unsafe.

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*"Ink in the wrong place. There seems to be very little doubt that John Connors, with the hollow eyes * * * is the dreaded and original 'Ink Slinger.' The chances are that the fellow is a crank, a monomaniac * * * Well, whether cracked or crazy, every woman in this city wants him put where he can't spoil any

There have been cases of resuscitation after the subject has been frozen until all evidence of life has disappeared ; and I think this a case that deserves the most hopeless extermination, "without benefit of clergy."

Another reason for objection is, that I am afraid this is not a case which "my lady" would treat with the mighty freezing disdain of which she is such a complete mistress, when the occasion suits ; and that he would escape the penalty, in consequence of the thermometer being too high.

I should judge that Vesuvius or Stromboli would better furnish an illustration of her state of mind in this connection ; unless, indeed, we consider "the North" as referring to the geysers of Iceland, and recommend the fate of the lobster, in lieu of that of the cool and comfortable looking icicle.

I should allow him a trial, the same as though he were a Christian fellow being. If he be found sane, and fails to show that he has been impelled to this seemingly unpardonable course by some ministering angel, in order to bring about some great benefit beyond the "ken" of human vision, I would grant a temporary dispensation in my opinion of the new mode of capital punishment, and heartily endorse his being chained to a thunder-cloud, until his sacrilegious hand has been reduced to charcoal.

If found insane, I recommend his being confined in

more pretty dresses. He has 'sailed into the north of my lady's opinion,' and the sooner he is frozen into an icicle the better for all concerned."—*New York Herald.*

one of the asylums, various accounts of which are to be found in the *Herald*, where a lack of fire escapes will insure his reduction to the same consistency, in a very few years.

And now having "slung ink" in a direction which, let us hope, will cause it to be better received by her ladyship than that of the one just discussed, I will pass on to the consideration of the *Herald* advertisements.

CHAPTER XXII.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

I AM interested to learn that the people ashore actually read the *Herald* advertisements ; and even go so far as to answer them sometimes; I did not know but that they were, perhaps, put in for people to read at sea, after everything else is finished ; and to console mariners, by showing them how "hard up" everybody seems to be on shore.

Another hypothesis was, that it greatly facilitated getting at the news, if we just have three or four sheets on the outside, that can be taken off and thrown away.

I have often found those outside sheets handy, when a friend, or the man who can never find a newsboy, asks for a part of the paper. One can then make himself believe that he is the soul of generosity, and yet keep nearly all of it for himself.

But I see in a copy of the paper, an engraving which represents a crowd rushing to answer them, while another is represented as being busily engaged in putting them in. This explains something that has always troubled me. I could never see how the people got the money to pay for them ; excepting, perhaps, the man who advertises "money to loan."

I can see, now, that the "young girl just landed," and the "obliging young Irishman," are not the same persons week after week, and month after month. If

people would form the habit of putting their names to their advertisements, it would not be so misleading to one who tries to learn what is going on on shore. Of course ! I see it all now. I suppose young girls are *always* landing ; and probably there are plenty of "obliging" young Irishmen on shore, as that kind rarely go to sea.

But there is one man that I think must be the same one all the time ; and that is the one with the seven hundred and fifty dollar piano, which he will sacrifice, if immediately called for, at about two hundred. One would suppose that he would sell it immediately ; and I should think that this was the case, and that there was a new one every day, if it were not for the fact that every one does not pay so high a price, and sell so soon, at such a sacrifice ; they find it cheaper to rent one. This is why I arrived at the above conclusion.

The advertisements of board and lodging employ much of my time. I read them over, and vaguely wonder whether or not any of the advertisers are like Mrs. McStinger ; and, if so, whether a "blue jacket" could board with them, and get a few days leave now and then ; or whether he would have to keep "on watch," during the remainder of his life. Perhaps one could, when she was out of temper, take the precaution to hide his hat, thus eluding the danger of having her resort to that established method of "stopping his liberty."

I am sorry to see that there is so much more under "lost," than "found."

This would, at first sight, indicate that the millennium is not as as near at hand as some hope; but perhaps much of what is lost, goes overboard, and is seen no more.

I see that many lose valuables on the Elevated trains. I wonder if a guard on one of these would pick up a diamond for himself; I mean, of course, if it were his own. I would not have him think, until I have made up my mind to stick to the "surface cars," that I would dream of his appropriating anything *not* his own. What suggested the thought was my being sure that he would not do it for any one else, even if it were for Queen Victoria herself.

I have been told that one can more readily find the station at which he wishes to descend, if he "tips" the guard. I wish some editor would let me know, through his "law column," if this is so. If Franklin was anywhere near right in his estimation of the old haymaker, I could afford a great deal of money in exchange for what time I lose in that way; but I want an authentic opinion, before I offer anything that may be looked upon as an indignity, by those whom I have regarded as but little inferior to Dukes.

I would like to know if the man who advertises for a partner with a few thousand dollars—with a promise of doubling it for him almost immediately—ever gets one. It seems a pity to let such chances slip, and I always feel impatient at the man who, in the next space below, offers a few hundred thousand at a pitiful rate of interest.

Why do not the two work together, get rich as soon as they like, and let unoffending people have a chance to breathe in peace.

The most interesting of all, is the column of "Personals." There are some of these that I am sure are never answered. When a man pays for the insertion of an advertisement that is to inform the public that he would like to correspond with, or form the acquaintance of, a "stout" lady, he should be punished for robbing the poor. They always need the money, and it ought to be held a crime to waste it, while any lack the necessaries of life.

Some of those under this head, suggest that parents in Gotham still resort to practices of old; and one mentally sees the steadfast old nurse, patiently plodding toward the *Herald* office, with the amount of her last settlement of wages tied in the corner of her handkerchief, and bearing, in the hem of her gown, a piece of tissue paper, on which is pricked with a pin, "H. Ever thine. Hope. E."

The call for lost heirs makes one wish that he had not so carefully studied his genealogical tree, that he might have a little hope.

Has any one ever seen the man who advertises for a chance to meet "a lady of means" with a view to matrimony? There are many of us that can get up a passing interest in that kind of a creature; but I want to have a good look at the man who has the assurance to admit it, and the faith to ask her to assist him in the search, to the extent of writing to "Unknown" at the *Herald* office where she can be found

If he ever succeeds, I would promise to forego the Drama for upwards of a year, for the privilege of being present at the first interview.

The most tempting of all those that I read, just now, when the weather is hot, the pen rusty, and the ink muddy, is that of the young lady typewriter, who announces that she owns a "Remington."

Who would not be an author, for such Heaven as to sit in as many chairs as he pleases, and murmur the words which otherwise cost so much labor, into the delicate ear of the stenographic expert; and then sleep tranquilly to the music of the machine, while she puts them into a shape which a printer may hope to decipher? instead of sitting erect (?) at a desk, ready to—on the ship giving that peculiar tremor, which causes the experienced navigator to prepare for the emergency which precipitates the landsman—without warning—into the "lee scuppers"—brace against anything that may promise temporary support, and at the same time prepare to establish "a change of base" when she rolls the other way?

CHAPTER XXIII.

JUVENILE CELEBRATIONS.

"Little boy—Big joy,
Little gun—Big fun,
Gun bu'st! Boy dust."

I NOTE that the boys still celebrate the anniversary of Independence in the old and established manner, at the expense of hair and eyes; though they have the advantage of improved methods of ruining them, and can command higher explosives than were enjoyed in *my* celebrations.

I used always to feel more patriotic when my eyelashes were all gone, and when my face was smarting from contact with detonating gunpowder; but I should think that the boy who tried the effect of a fire cracker in an alcohol barrel, and subsequently gathered up what remained of himself from the pavement of a neighboring street, might safely be trusted to frame a new Constitution.

This is a great improvement since my time, as we were always limited to the plantation cider barrel, or a molasses hogshead at the neighboring cross-roads; which only served to make the sound more resonant, and usually left us physically whole.

This process of boys resolving themselves into their component parts, is so common as to make one wonder where we get all of our men from; but the story of the men who came to grief in the attempt to

repair the lack of ordnance by utilizing a tree, seems to be rather irregular, and reminds me of once when a patriotic second mate who intended to simply give us a moonlight salute, shot off the top-gallant stud'n's'l halliards, and treated us to a balloon descension at the same time ; causing an unappreciative Russian to "growl" for months, because we were, in consequence, forced to spend the Independence dog watch in re-reeving gear, and re-inflating the balloon.

Why would it not be well, in the present unprotected condition of our coast, to entrust the torpedo system to the American boy? I know that in my day of celebrating, all that we needed was a generous Government to furnish the dynamite, and if we did not make explosions which would cause an "Invincible Armada" to tack at the sixtieth meridian, it would be because we had all found early graves, and there were no survivors to light a fuse.

I see that the *Herald* vaguely murmurs at the din, and darkly hints at devastating fires ; but has it not learned that fires are the thing? and that all we have to do is to burn a city up, and a Phœnix arises from the ashes to rule the country?

Perhaps a good fire in New York, might result in aiding that journal's work of purification ; and make that city powerful enough to save the Government the trouble of jumping the "Great Navigator's" fleet over Niagara Falls, to get them to the next World's Fair.

CHAPTER XXIV.

ANNEXATION.

I AM pleased to learn that M. Mercier, Premier of Quebec, is in favor of "annexation;" and hope that he goes in for the right kind now.

When I met him a few years ago he favored it, but suggested that the United States be annexed to Canada.

This did not exactly suit me, as I like the color of our flag best; but perhaps it would suit the brewers, and give us equally good beer. I did not know about the beer then, having always taken mine without asking questions, for fear that delay might cause it to "lose its head"; or I might have cautioned him, in case of his deciding to come over to our side, and if Sir John A. did not hide his hat, or otherwise "stop his liberty," to be sure to bring his barley along with him. I think that he would make a good Congressman, as he was a very eloquent speaker.

I heard him speak for half an hour, and never saw an eye in his audience leave his face during the time. This is why I thought him eloquent. As his speech was in the French language, I did not understand any of it myself.

Annexation would also be handy in settling the fishery question. I am interested about that, as I went out cod fishing one day and got two big ones.

We could also tell those fellows when to stop chas-

ing seals ; and if they did not do it, we could just blow them out of water, and then not have the inconvenience of, in consequence, building battle-ships under fire.

I have heard of soldiers playing euchre in the rifle pits under fire, and always thought that it would be fun ; especially if the officers thought cards wicked ; but I never thought that I would like to build a battle-ship, with Krupp guns knocking everybody's hammers out of their reach, every time they put them down to get a smoke.

I don't understand why Jay Gould doesn't buy Canada in. If Max O'Rell's figures were anywhere near right, several years ago, he must soon have enough money to buy in another planet—with the satellites.

It would give him a chance to get the management of another little piece of Railroad, and it would give us tone to have the Queen wire us when she wants a "special" for one of her boys to come home on.

I am afraid that I am on a question that I do not know much about, but I just wish to let Monsieur know that he is welcome whenever he likes to come. He speaks English at the dinner-table, and that of the liveliest kind ; and appears to have been at sea enough to understand, when ladies are scarce, who is in the greatest need of a smile.

If Sir John does not agree to it, then I suppose we must just do as well as we can on what beer we can get ; and if we cannot prove that Russia sold us the

North Pacific, perhaps the safest course to pursue, until we get the pensions all paid, and get the *Tallapoosa* somewhere where coal is cheap, and have a few dollars left to buy guns, would be to train a few sheep dogs to keep the seals in shore.

As for the fish—well—I did not catch those two myself, anyhow ; I bought them, after starving myself for hours, and getting my face burned to a cinder —from an old French Canadian who had caught a whole boat load. And I think that a fish who not only knows all about politics, but can see through thirty fathoms of water clearly enough to learn that a Yankee is on the other end of the line, is too wise for a fisherman who has successfully proved to the temporary satisfaction of a dolphin, that a piece of white rag, attached to a hook, was a flying fish ; so I shall not fret if Sir J. keeps his kind of fish under another flag.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE RECRIPROCITY PROBLEM.

It grieves me to learn that Senator Hiscock is an "arrant ignoramus," for not knowing that when we would "sell, we must buy." I do not know him, but am aware that he is not from my State. I am glad of this, not because we have not as "arrant" ones in our State, but have quite enough of them, and do not wish to crowd the wise men.

I myself did not know this, but I suppose, not being a Senator, I can be forgiven. In the small personal matters that have come under my management, I have found it the other way; and if we would buy, we must sell something, in order to get the money. It must be different in large matters, only in those in which I have been engaged, it did not appear to me that the same man that "sold," "bought."

The wheat and corn merchants, for whom I worked for years, used to "sell" their cargoes to John Bull and those other fellows over there, and then *we* used to "buy" ballast to return with.

What the merchants bought, must have been sent across in some mysterious manner; as my contemporaries and myself rarely saw any of it. I supposed it went by cable, or in the mail bags; but I have never heard of any very bulky kinds of cargo going by either of those.

I have heard of a light-weight matter called "credit," being despatched in that way, and did not know but that John just sent that over to them, to buy their tea and sugar with; or something that he did not have in his shop. When I used to buy those articles with eggs, the man had them on hand, and never attempted to force cutlery or hardware on me; but I suppose it is different when they do not have what we want.

There are lots of other people in the world who want John's goods, and I cannot see why they cannot pay him money enough to pay for his wheat, and not leave him to force them on poor unfortunates, who have enough of his kind at home. I think he would look rather silly to go hungry, because we will not employ him to do the work that we can do ourselves.

When we don't find time to make our own iron-work, and dig our own coal, he probably knows that we would buy his as quickly as anybody's; but I don't believe he would send a load of lumber to a saw-mill in the hope of selling it, or "boycott" any article which the miller might have, because he would not buy it.

I have forgotten what authority the *Herald* advanced for the—to me—new motto; but I remember that it struck me as being pretty good; so I shall simply show my reasons for being under the wrong impression.

I thought, as before stated, that we must "sell to buy," and "buy to live"; but not necessarily to buy

of the same person to whom we sold. I have usually sold my services to whoever would make the best return, and then bought of whom I pleased.

I have carried horse-cars and clothes-pins to Australia, because, as I supposed, they did not have any there, and wanted some. I have carried their produce to other countries that did not have that kind of their own, and then just took whatever we need at home, and of which they had too much, and brought it home.

I never heard that the Australian refused to buy a clothes-pin until the American merchant had promised to buy a cargo of sugar from the Philippine Islander, and at the same time to exact a promise from him to buy the Australian's coal and flour; but then there is much going on in the world that I never heard of.

I supposed that they bought the pins on the same kind of faith, on which we manufacture more than we want ourselves; and reasoned something after this manner: "We have coal mines and flour mills, but have no clothes-pins. The 'Philippino' has sugar, but no coal. Jonathan has no sugar. We will buy the pins, let him buy sugar with the money, and the Philippino will pay it to us for the coal; and thus we will get it back. Am sorry that Jonathan won't buy our wool; but he grows wool of his own, and I cannot say that we want to buy his. Anyhow, if we have to keep the wool ourselves, we need the pins all the same."

I have myself, when in foreign countries, sold bills

of exchange, payable in New York, at par value; but I did not suppose that the man who bought them intended to go to New York to get the money, or to wait, without interest, until he could send for it. I supposed he must have contemplated buying something of some one, to whom he did not anticipate selling.

Of course, paper or electricity, well backed by gold, is just as good for these transactions, as the metal itself; and I find it hard to believe that the unfortunate Senator is so "arrant" as to suppose that the coin is transported; but if there should be a balance due any one when international trade is, if ever, suspended, it doubtless would be; and I think that a man might be forgiven for using the term "gold," for any piece of paper that may be converted into it for the asking.

But if the above theory is all wrong, as seems to be advanced by the *Herald*, I am only sorry for the Senator, that he did not take to the sea while young, where he would proverbially be at home, and where he and I could smoke our pipes and wag our long ears in peace.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE ADVERTISING FIEND.

I NOTE that Congress has passed a law to prevent the advertising fiend from adding new colors to the United States flag. I could suggest a little heavier penalty, but am in hopes that the fifty dollars, added to what little patriotism he may have remaining, will be sufficient. I suppose that there is but little chance of having him further suppressed, but could we not strive to keep him within his present limits?

Being an American, he has thus far stuck pretty closely to the inside of coaches, horse cars, etc.; but I notice that he is beginning to emulate his English brother, who learned from Samuel Pickwick, Esq., Gent. that an outside seat in rain, snow and sleet, is the best.

When last in Philadelphia, I was grieved to learn, while looking anxiously for a car that would carry me to the vicinity of the Pennsylvania R. R., that "S. S. S." is "for the blood." Having before had a hint of this fact, and my blood being all right at the time, excepting a feverish quickening of its flow at the thought of missing the "limited express" for New York, and being in a part of the town where the "cabby" is unknown, I did not appreciate this information.

I believe that no one in an English town except, perhaps, the very oldest residents, ever thinks of mak-

ing use of a street car for any other purpose than to help out a shopping expedition.

If one wants to learn who keeps cheap "Furniture, Bedding, etc.," or where are to be found the most serviceable "perambulators" or the purest "blended teas," he may learn immediately; but if he has the least curiosity to learn on what streets the car is most liable to travel, he must depend on finding a "bobby" —who will always give reliable information for the retention fee of sixpence—or walk.

I have sometimes learned a little about it, when the car was standing peacefully at the terminus, which gave me time to study all of the microscopic characters; but the driver, who knows who pays his employer the most money, never allows his car to be rudely stared at by such an inconsiderable thing as a passenger, at any other stage of the route; and madly lashes his horses for the more important purpose of spreading the above items of information as widely as possible. Perhaps I ought to have used the term "Colonial," instead of "English," as I have had very little to do with the mother country, since I travelled much on other streets than those of rope ladders.

Is the small cloud that hovers over the Quaker City, likely to spread until it has brought us to such a forlorn condition as the above? I am used to being continually reminded of my mortality, when flying over green fields, plunging through deep forests, and leaping over bridges and past precipices in a manner to otherwise cause one who has been in exile—and is riding the iron horse over his native hills toward the

"Old Homestead"—to forget the most violent tooth-ache; to giving a hacking cough to ascertain whether or not my lungs are in the right place, at the suggestion of "Pulmonary Syrup"; to searching my system for a latent symptom of the last attack of Java or Chagres fever, while reading "Ayer's Ague Cure"; and to giving a hopeless rub to my sparsely covered crown, on learning of the startling results of the operations of some half dozen little girls named Sutherland, in the field of hair restoring; but if I am to miss the train altogther, and be left to study my physical condition alone, on the streets of a strange city, I shall be tempted to buy a brush myself, and paint on every available space the hopeful words "Life is short."

I hope that Congress will study this matter carefully, and if it can, Constitutionally, go any beyond the flag and the Capitol building—which I hope does not proclaim any "Elixirs of Life" at present—it will take up the horse cars next.

I do not wish it to punish companies for giving room to the words "Rapid Transit," on a car which moves from one and a half to two knots—according to whether it is the ebb or flow of the (Commercial) tide, as long as there is enough else to prove that it is the right or wrong car.

These words give one hope, and, once on, he has leisure to study his watch, "log her," and decide when it will be safer to get off and walk. If he doesn't know which way to go, he can keep the car in his wake, and still save time enough to buy his ticket.

CHAPTER XXVII.

PATERNAL PRIDE.

I was rather startled at seeing an article headed "The *Telegram's* Growth," which heading was immediately followed by such words as "briskest, brightest" and "newsiest," and thought, for a moment, that the *Herald*, which agrees with me in smiling at other people's Millenniums, was getting up one of its own.

The word "Evening," which soon followed, was somewhat reassuring ; and on reading further I discovered that it was a case of "me and my wife, my son John and his wife, we four and no more," etc.

I am totally unacquainted with this promising child of the *Herald*, as it is published at a time of day when we of the tarpaulin hats are known to be far more interested in seeing and hearing, than reading. I shall, however, in future, manage to have a copy sent on board my ship, to go with coffee and headache, until I have learned how many of the paternal ways this "interesting boy" has inherited.

My own experience in trying to induce my father to believe that the cattle cannot any more easily reduce the fences to chaos, or the sheep climb higher on a stone wall—when matters at Washington are not to his taste, gives me great hope that the "*Telegram*" may use its bright and hopeful youth, to discover oases in the frowning desert by which we are, in the estimation

of its venerable and despondent ancestor, in danger of being buried.

If this praise were private, I should not be so hopeful; as "the Governor" at home has spells of reviewing the ranks that he has produced to fight for his party, and sharply reproves any one who appears to be getting "out of line," or may have a tendency to load with blank cartridge; but his public boast of "the block of five" which he can lead to the polls (when they are at home) carries no hint that they ever waver from the firm conviction that to allow the other party to elect a census enumerator, would be to renounce all hope of being correctly classified.

From this experience, I can guess that the *Herald* would not publicly censure an offspring who might even go so far as to hope that the old soldiers may all be "gathered to their fathers" before we shall become so far exhausted as to entertain thoughts of "suspension," and might allow it a little latitude, without depriving it of all public praise.

I have no hope of this youthful giant succeeding in cooling the ire of its gouty parent, even if it tries to its utmost; but I earnestly request it to join hands with those of the new generation, who hope to see the hatchets all buried beneath a mound of peace and prosperity, that no power on earth will dare disturb.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

NATURALIZATION.

I was interested to learn the process by which we so easily prepare our newly imported fellow countrymen for the work of helping to elect the sinews of Government, by reading an article headed "Naturalization by Chromo."

This properly belongs under the head of "Boodleism"; and should be classed as a New York mystery with which I am not in a position to tamper, without breaking a verbal or implied promise; but as I did not before know how it was done by "Chromo," or otherwise, perhaps I will be allowed to look it up a little.

The "Boodle" part seems to consist of urging the newly honored person to take a naturalization paper with a "chromo" on it, at the expense of a dollar, instead of a plain one for fifty cents.

If this is the same kind that is given away with a half pound of tea, I think it expensive; but if it is of sufficient dimensions to be framed and hung up in the new Citizen's parlor, I think it not exorbitant.

What I noticed was the extreme cheapness of either process; and the convenience of having an interpreter at hand, to tell the aspirant what questions were asked, and to provide him with an answer in—as I suppose—our language. As the only answers required are "Republican," "Congressmen," "Washington,"

"Assemblymen" and "Albany," I suppose it can readily be done on the spot.

We used to have American officers turned out pretty quickly, but I never knew exactly how it was done. I have been told that they were forced, in case of their not being known, to pay a man (usually the boarding master's runner) three dollars, to swear that they had been sailing out of that port for three years.

Perhaps this is not required simply for shore citizens, or perhaps those chromo men have been over for three years, and have not read the *Herald* much, by which to learn about Washington and Albany. (I should think they must have been told about the "jobbery.") I remember having once, when I aspired to a change to "steam," applied to the branch Commissioner on the "Pacific Mail Dock," for a berth on one of that company's ships.

He asked me if I was an American citizen, and I answered "yes," with a countenance so radiant as to almost reflect the image of the log hut in which a departed ancestor was born—and for the site of which I have searched the slopes of my ancestral cornfields, with a diligence, worthy of "The Antiquary" looking for traces of Julius Cæsar.

He answered that that was the principal point, and bade me come in often. I departed, and walked up street seeing visions of myself gravely entertaining my passengers from the head of the *City of Tokio's* dinner table, and condescending to remember the surly commanders of the "wind jamming"

squadron, who were watching the freight market with a despair that would only admit of their keeping a boy and a dog, on half pay, on board of their semi-dismantled ships, moored to any rocky island, or hanging to any dilapidated jetty, that promised a small rate of wharfage.

After a few weeks of "Good morning, sir. Nothing to day, sir. Call again, sir," during which time my vision had faded in the exact ratio to the diminution of my little pile of gold, I met a "citizen" who was in the office getting "paid off," for a voyage as second or third officer.

As he did not belong to the "Charter Oak" order, and would probably excite Prince Bismarck's desire for soldiers, if he should return to the Fatherland "sans paper," and as it was about time for my last "twenty" to go down town to the angelic broker who paid "twenty-one ten" in silver, I decided to watch the dogs, who had not been ship-keeping quite long enough to learn how to cross a yard, and be ready to step into one of their positions when despair at being unable to feed them longer on the last freight, should cause one of their masters to put his name to a charter party. This resulted in my aunt in the mountains escaping from the necessity of employing me to prune fruit trees, and I sailed a wiser man.

I had learned something of the Cosmopolitan character of American citizens, but I have only now learned that citizenship—with a chromo—may be bought for a dollar ; and that it is only necessary for

the candidate to declare the general form of Government, and where and by whom the United States and New York State laws are made; and that these secrets are imparted to them, on the spot, by coachers and interpreters.

I am inclined to applaud the "chromo" part, as it ought to increase the sterling value of our citizens, to make it cost more to "qualify."

As this citizenship probably fits them for any State in the Union, I should think it a good plan to tell them a little about the other States; but I suppose cases of their going inland are so rare, that it is not worth the trouble of keeping the tutors standing enough longer to do so.

CHAPTER XXIX.

MODERN "PROPHETS."

I HAVE already written about the comparison by the Rev. Dr. Deems—helped out by the *Herald*—between the popularity of the Sunday newspaper and the pulpit; and perhaps I ought not to risk getting too near to the same subject, by noticing the words "WATCH TOWERS OF CIVILIZATION," followed by an assertion that such a Rev. of New York has declared the newspapers of the day to be; but as it is Sunday to-day, and either a coincidence, or some latent spark of former civilization hidden somewhere beneath my salt encrusted surface, has brought them before me, I think that I will take the risk.

Under this heading appears a part of a discourse delivered to "nine hundred people, with not a gray head noticeable among them."

Now in the first place, although I watch my own scattering locks jealously, in the hope that they will long retain their natural color, I am quite fond of gray heads; and think that they are a great improvement to some kinds of audiences.

They usually mark the "Nestors and Ulysses" of society, and I like the air of support that their presence gives to any collection of people who are assembled for grave purposes.

If I attend a Base-ball game, I do not miss them, and am perfectly willing that they should attend to

the home duties, and give the young people a chance; but when they "hive and move away up-town" to a separate division of the same Church—as seems to have been the case in this instance—I am afraid there is something wrong.

The "dark, spare and strenuous young speaker" who addressed this youthful audience, speaks of "the degeneracy of the modern pulpit," as though it is an established fact; and says that the daily press is doing the work of God, while those of the pulpit are "telling you, you're all right, we're all right, the world's all right, and the devil's all right."

This is certainly a new method on the part of the pulpit, as I used to hear it urged from that source, that the three former were in great danger of going all wrong, if not actually in that position; and that the latter was so utterly wrong as to require steady resistance from those who hope to be "all right." And though I do not hear from it as often as formerly, I have been told that the principal change is in the diminution of the incumbents who act the part "we're all right"; or, in other words, that the clergymen are getting more sensible of the fact that they are in the boat with the sinners, and have to join the lookout for shoals.

He says that Paul made a practice of having "a row," when he entered a town, and rather irreverently classes the solemn warning of our Saviour to the Scribes and Pharisees, as of the same kind; jocularly describing it as "coarse."

He objects to people "whining" for the "pure

Gospel," and declares that he would rather see his boy "grubbing stumps," than to see him in most pulpits.

I have heard it urged, in answer to an objection to the rudeness of the "Salvation Army," that their mission was to retrieve rude people who cannot be reached in any other way; but is it necessary to apply the language of the "Tough," to an audience that is described as "the younger members of a Baptist Church"?

But my present business is not to criticise this Divine,—though I cannot help heartily concurring in his choice of a profession for his son—but with the mighty "Watch Tower" which seems to be so proud of this praise, and which, according to the same authority, is in one of the places "of the Prophets of old."

Would it not be better for this "heart of civilization," not only to be more careful of the ground that is taken to wield the influence which it so proudly boasts to be superior to that of the pulpit, but also to be more careful of the language which it imparts to its pupils?

If Geo. Francis Train really *did* threaten to "Smash" the people in Japan and elsewhere, if they did not facilitate his movements, and then boasted of it before the friends who went off to the steamer to greet him on his arrival at New York, perhaps every one did not hear it; and would not the Editor be forgiven by Mr. Train's countrymen, if he substituted another term for the world to read?

Could not a corrupt official be more readily made to see the evil of his ways, in other language than the rather ambiguous charge of "roosting on a dollar bill"? If these "tough" words do not lend a charm to the English language—and I scarcely believe that the *Herald* will maintain that they do—does not this world-wide traveller owe another duty to the American People besides the professed ones of enlightening them, pointing out to them the path of prosperity, detecting the corruption which robs them, and striving to regulate the Legislation by which they are governed?

Should it not try to give them the position in the estimation of the world that can be obtained only by putting down the prevailing opinion that they are rude and uncultivated? Or is it itself such a worshipper of the "dollar bill," that it thinks that the possession and display of it is all that is necessary to make a people great?

I do not know that I use this term "tough" advisedly. I never asked the correct meaning of it. I first learned it from a pilot who boarded my ship when bound into New York, having on board some passengers who had never been in the United States.

Not wishing them to form too hasty a judgment of my native land, I had warned them that when they first got on shore they might meet with some strange characters. I cautioned them against asking a policeman for information, without keeping beyond the swing of his club; it being safer to allow him a charmed circle of a few feet radius; not that he

would attempt their lives, but on account of his habit of flourishing his sceptre, to show his rank in life. I had explained to them that over confidence in the amiability of officials of the Elevated Railroads, might result in disappointment and loss of time. And I had prepared them not to be aghast at being called "boss" by the man who served them in a restaurant.

When the pilot came on board—that mighty Oracle whose lightest word is of more importance to the arriving Cape Horn navigator, than the heaviest of renowned Statesmen when he has been a week on shore—we all gathered around him, to learn what mighty changes had come about in the past three months.

After we had learned that we were in no danger of being hove to by a cruiser or blockading squadron, I naturally drifted toward proof of some of the "yarns" that I had been spinning.

On my asking him why the street corner officials, who were so amiable elsewhere, were, in New York, so peculiarly uncomfortable to the stranger who addresses them, he shifted his tobacco into his other cheek, cautioned the man at the wheel to "keep her full," looked aloft to see that the yards were carefully trimmed, and summed it all up in the terse expression, "they're tough."

Of course to ask an explanation of this term, would, in the estimation of this man, whose head was not gray, be to acknowledge myself a foreigner; so I only judge from the connection, and by the way I have since heard it used, that I have not misapplied it here.

CHAPTER XXX.

A REMARKABLE CHALLENGE.

It is interesting to learn that the *Herald* considers it "a Remarkable Incident," that a church in Germany, while filled with people who were praying for deliverance from devastating storms, was struck by lightning, and several of the congregation killed; and it is rather startling to see that it asks an explanation from the clergy.

If its object was simply to get information, I probably should not particularly notice it; though it might remind me of when I was much younger; but the words "nut to crack," and "not a soft-shelled almond," make it appear like a challenge; and looks as though the Divines of the present day, profess to be able to account for and explain the acts of the Creator.

I did not know this before. When I used to attend church they devoted a goodly portion of their time to warning us that no one could possibly tell when he was safe from the "grim destroyer," and such words as "In the midst of life we are in death," "be ye also ready," and "in such an hour as ye think not" were quoted regularly; and I think that most of them are yet to be found even in the most revised editions of the Bible.

I am curious to know how, if it is true that they now profess to know about it, they are going to dispose of these same words.

If this is not the correct hypothesis of the cause of the challenge, perhaps the Divines have started the theory that it is only necessary to pray for temporal life, in order to keep it. They used to hold this opinion about *spiritual* life, and probably do yet; but though they would often pray for many kinds of temporal blessings, and for the extension of lives that appeared to be in danger, I never heard one maintain the effectiveness of this kind of prayer, with sufficient vigor to merit this challenge; so it must be one of the improvements of the age, with which I am not conversant.

If I am misled in my interpretation of the expressions "nut to crack," and "mystery which puzzles the ordinary lay mind," and it is not a challenge, then how are we to account for it?

Even if these unfortunate people had been killed in the United States, and were under the *Herald's* protection, I may suppose that it would draw the line at Washington, and not go higher.

It is probably in order, for everything from the smallest public nuisance in the streets of New York, to the greatest official indiscretion at the Capital City, to be questioned by this Argus-eyed "Inquisition" of the people; but I have read of no one excepting Roderick Dhu, who ever even talked of "righting wrong in the Court of Heaven"; and he said it in a fit of exasperation at the oppression of the encroaching Saxon, and appears to have only used the term figuratively, as a superlative to Holyrood.

If the object was to swell the following Monday's

issue with the hypotheses of the various Divines, it is perhaps excusable in an Editor who rarely gets beyond eighteen pages ; but I recommend another advertising sheet, and to let those who, in supplication at a Throne which the wisest of us do not know much about, find consolation for the many ills that the most fortunate of us meet with in this world, enjoy it as much as they may. Whatever soothes trouble, and is innocent, should be cherished without too much question.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"BORDER" MONSTERS.*

It appears that the "Sea-Serpent" has again returned with the sun that tempers the waves to the annual sea bather.

I am so sorry that I left home and took to the sea, before I had the pleasure of seeing this monster. I came near seeing him once, when my father and some friends went down to the sea-coast, fishing; but just before they started, the owner of the boat decided that there was not cabin room for me, so I missed the chance.

I am not certain that they saw him, as some of them had followed the sea when young; but probably I should have had a better eye for detecting the difference between his spiral folds and a school of porpoises.

It seems that this time L. I. Sound is his cruising

*Perhaps many people on shore do not know that there is a debatable ground between the sea and shore, the same as there is often a neutral space between two hostile armies, and a "bush-whacking" territory between two sections of country at war with each other. What is known to landsmen as the scent of the sea, is to us the scent of the land; and is often our first warning of its proximity. Many birds known ashore as "sea-birds," are "land-birds" to us. A landsman gets himself into trouble on the sea, we, on the land. The source of his horror of the sea is where it meets the land, ours of the land the same. His peace (?) is on land, ours on the sea. [AUTHOR.]

ground. Perhaps he has taken to that sheet of water since the Subsidy Bill excitement, in order to get posted on the lights. I wish he would get aground some time and get captured ; not that I would stand much chance of seeing him, as he would probably be decomposed before I could arrive at the right part of the world ; but it would add much to scientific lore to ascertain why he never, if he makes long voyages, comes to the surface anywhere, except close in shore among picnickers and clam bakers.

It would probably be ascertained that he is all fish, and does not require to come up to "blow," like the cetaceous animals with which we of the "ocean wave" are familiar, and is consequently only to be seen when he ventures where it is too shoal for his draught of water, when in spiral form.

I have often wondered why, if, as some affirm, it requires the eye of a landsman to detect him, he is not sometimes seen by boys on their first voyage ; but perhaps they are so busy with their visions of piracy, and the savory dinners that their sea boots are going to supply to them after they are wrecked and cast on a lonely isle, that they have no time to look for ordinary monsters, that their schoolfellows at home may see by simply going to the beach.

I remember that when on my first voyage, after the ship had struck on a reef in the Bahamas, and the swarms of Nassau Wreckers (who had been watching our progress from behind rocks and headlands in expectation of that result) had covered the decks, and I saw no symptoms of their calling on me to choose

between "walking the plank," and a life of plunder, I was rather inclined to be thankful for their leniency; but at the same time I could not resist an uneasy thought, that the story would not read as well as some others.

We have all heard the story of the boy who succeeded in making his mother believe about the mountains of sugar and rivers of rum; but when he had exhausted all of his best stories, and had fallen back on the every-day one of fish flying in the air, the old lady became suspicious, and suggested for him to draw the line there. The other ones were natural enough, as he had been where the sugar and rum came from; but this fish story signified that he had forgotten his catechism, or neglected his prayers.

We have also heard of the one who was offended at the appearance of the family clothes-line across his path; and immediately hailed the house and ordered it to slack down its lines on pain of having them cut. But there is, I believe, no record of one of those brine soaked youths, having included the sea-serpent among his thrilling tales.

It therefore appears that some of the above theories are right, or that they contemptuously pass him by as a mere snake, that even their sisters may see.

I was somewhat surprised a few years ago, to hear a passenger who had made some thirteen thousand miles with me, in my ship, say that he had thought his chances about equally divided between the two worlds, when he sailed. On my telling him that I had paid one and a quarter per cent., against total loss of

the ship, for the time that he had been on board, and that we depended largely on swimming ashore, or otherwise escaping from the greater part of our wrecks, he was rather astonished, and thought that he must have read something that misled him.

I have recently read a book of the kind that prepares many for a life of excitement, when they choose the sea, and leaves them to find as much pleasure in their own society as they may, and to learn that a hooked dolphin, or harpooned porpoise, is among the principal features of amusement. Having well exhausted my library before, I read it carefully and weighed all of the chances.

My verdict was, that if I had signed articles in the ark with Noah, and had kept pretty steadily afloat since, I would stand a good chance of having seen all of the wonders, and experienced all of the horrors, excepting about two, which were enjoyed in a voyage from the English Channel to the Equator and back. One was a sea so smooth, in the open ocean, as to allow the vessel to keep perfectly motionless, and the other I may not mention, without calling attention to the book. My object is not criticism, but to avoid being too surely regarded as a "forlorn hope" by my friends, because I do not always stay with them. I wish the hope of again seeing me, to make the parting a little more cheerful.

Another reason is that many parents would perhaps rather have their boys at home, than tramping in foreign lands, in search of the adventures that the sea failed to afford.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GEORGE KENNAN AND RUSSIA.

It is with a great sense of relief that I learn that at last some one has come out in defense of the Czar; not that I have any personal interest in him, but because I should feel guilty for my part in allowing him to live, if I knew that he is as black as he is usually painted.

I refer to a criticism of Mr. Geo. Kennan by Mr. Wm. H. Dunston, American Vice-Consul at St. Petersburg.

I once employed a man who was at work loading my ship, on a sparsely populated coast, and where the saddle was unpopular among horse owners—to obtain a horse for me to keep while in port, for riding.

When he came on board in the morning, he told me, in answer to my question regarding his success, that his neighbor—Mr. Gallagher—had *said* that he would have a horse at an appointed place at ten o'clock.

Having nothing else to do, I went to the place—and, of course, found no horse, as I expected.

When I returned on board, I told the man that he might have saved me two miles of boating, by telling me what he knew; that the horse would not be there.

After a minute or two of arranging his vocal

organs, and moving his lips helplessly—during which time his mind probably flew over an experience of years of neighborly disagreements—he burst forth "yos! because ah—I—I—know Gallagher."

Now I know scarcely more of Russia than of the moon (with the advantage for the latter of my having seen it); and no one will expect that I ever heard much good of it; but—"*I* know Gallagher." I think that I have before given the idea that a "hue and cry" makes me suspicious. It suggests to me the need of questions.

I have never heard Mr. Kennan speak, but I have followed pretty carefully, his published account of Siberian Exile. I am, of course, not in a position to accuse him of exaggeration, and do not wish to do so; but I wish to ask any one who has carefully read his narrative, if he does not give the idea that however much *he* deplored the forlorn condition of the Political Convicts, what *they* seemed to deplore, in most cases and principally, was their being deprived of liberty to plot against their Government? And that their chief anxiety was that the good work should go on without them?

If the Russian Government is so merciless as to merit a complete downfall, it may be the duty of the world to take active measures to bring it about: but if it is to stand, does it not act wisely, in putting it out of the power of plotters to act in a manner which History proves can only result in bloodshed and misery to all concerned? And what more merciful plan could it employ, than to take advantage of the

peculiarities of its territory to send to where they may, by good conduct, enjoy more room than between the walls of a prison cell, a number which seems to exceed those of the whole world beside.

England had her Guy Fawkes, and yet burns him in effigy, for, perhaps, want of a successor of equal merit. We had our Benedict Arnold, and are so proud of him, that we use the power to tell his story, as a qualification for entering the army to which he performed the part of Judas. But where would we put them if they were as numerous as in Russia?

Mr. K. deplores the lack of trials before they are sentenced; but I do not remember one whom he brought to an interview (I did not read it all, but I think the most of it), where a mistake had been made by those who had suspected them; and I should judge that where they are so plentiful, it would be necessary to adopt some course more summary than usual—both for expedition and intimidation to others—as our own disturbances often result in the declaration of "Martial Law."

Of course no right minded person can fail to be shocked at their terrible position; but do we need to go beyond our own State Prison to experience the same? That the officials in such remote places are corrupt and harsh, should not surprise any one who has compiled the History of New York City Hall—by the *Herald*—and read Charles Reade's representation of the ill treatment of prisoners, close to high places, and under the spectacles of conscientious—if misled—inspectors; or, if fiction will not do, and he

wants something "stranger," there is the modern "Squeers" of a Rhode Island school, the account of which, as given in the *Herald*, should cause Mr. K. to wish he had stayed nearer home, to look for brutality of a high order.

That the system is badly—and too cheaply for comfort—conducted, there is no doubt; but is it not more wonderful that, so far from the centre of Government, and being of such gigantic proportions, it can be conducted at all? And is it not more surprising that, if the Government is as harsh as is generally supposed, it does not evade the expense—which Mr. K. himself represents as being enormously in excess of the return in convict labor—by organizing a "Bloody Circuit," that would end it for—as the *Herald* informs us—forty-nine cents. I mean, of course, when there is "no Westinghouse in it."

Mr. Kennan speaks of one Post Commander—and in the most obscure region visited by him—who strikes me as being a most thorough gentleman; and who showed himself singularly tolerant of what I shall venture to call a breach of implied—if not verbal—faith, in a—what I should think—conditional guest.

That people who have formed the habit of plotting against their Government, should not be allowed to correspond with their friends excepting under surveillance, should not be surprising to any one; and I think it a wonderfully lenient Government, that would not order the search of any person suspected of clandestinely assisting it.

I may be seriously treading on popular opinion in

all this, but, being a traveller who can always afford the luxury (?) of travelling, and at the same time tell the truth (if in the humor), I cannot help putting in a word of caution about receiving too literally, a narrative that *possibly may* need some extra sensation, to pay the expense of travelling, for one who does not get otherwise remunerated; and it appears to be easy enough to make the excitement a little "undue," without leaving *literal* truth.

Anyhow, I cannot help being thankful that we now have such good authority to hope that the mass of the Czar's subjects like their government, and that the greatest population of Christendom, is not one vast hive of hopeless misery.

To explain what I mean by the above remark about the "literal truth," and that Mr. K. may know that I mean no offense, I will tell of an occasion on which I told it.

When I was first interviewed by a ship-owner with a view to making me master, he asked me if I were married. I felt that it would be advantageous to say "yes," but was not in a position to do so; so I said "no, but do not know how soon I shall be." The event has proved that I told the truth, as I am still in the same position; but he was as thoroughly misled as though I had told him the blackest falsehood that I could think of; and expected soon to be introduced to the happy (?) lady. After I had proved to him that a single man could sometimes be trusted to bring a ship back, I told him of the "ruse," and he was pleased at the manner in which I had cheated him.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SIMPLICITY DERIDED.

UNDER the heading "Mr. Wanamaker's Mail Bag," the *Herald* publishes a large number of letters of what it rather harshly terms "mendicancy," "because," as it says, "fortunately they have a perennial interest for two reasons: first, both man and womankind have, at any rate, a slight fondness for reading other people's correspondence; secondly, because they are so stupendously impertinent * * * that the amusement that they immediately arouse is almost at once changed to interest."

In answer to the first, I think it is mistaken, except in cases of "busybodies," with that of people whom they know—and whose affairs they would learn—and others who feel a personal interest in the correspondent, or in the news that they are likely to obtain. As for "secondly," I object decidedly to the "amusement," and I think the "impertinence," in most cases, is too pathetic, or too delightfully free from knowledge of "the world," to deserve so harsh a term. On the whole, I think the publication of them is a kind of sacrilege.

I find about sixty letters which are particularly noticed. Of these, twenty-two ask for help in something of public interest, such as Churches, Missions, etc., seventeen ask for aid for the writers or their

families, ten, for loans, six offer things for sale, and five ask for employment.

Let him who has the temerity to call the twenty-two "mendicancy," hide where he cannot be found by the charming solicitors who give us their church eggs, and refuse to receive them back until we have increased their weight; let him go to the flower market and pay ten cents for his "boutonniere," instead of giving fifty for it, with a smile as a chromo, to the fair vender at the Charity Lawn Party; let him "drop a nickel" to learn his sinful weight, rather than offer his coveted quarter to the bright eyed weigh-nymph of the Church Fair; and let him play "blind-man's buff" with others of his kind, and never allow himself to be hoodwinked by the lovely manager of the Mission Donkey party.

One of these is from the representative of ten little girls, who, doubtless with many "please sirs," aspire to getting the great man's name and twenty-five cents, for an "album quilt" which is to pay for damage done to their church by a cyclone. These are poetically classified as "juvenile beggars," by the author, who appears to expect to be forgiven for the sacrilege.

"Two little Florida Sisters," who ask assistance in some mission work that they are doing, enjoy the same distinction.

The seventeen asking personal aid, are mostly filled with tales of woe that ought to move to tears an editor who mourns (sincerely) because people who refuse to work for any one who will not allow them

to manage the business, are in want. One is "trying to make a home in the wilderness," and asks for some of Mr. W.'s cast-off clothing. One wants to enter the hospital for medical attendance. One wants a suit of clothes to attend church.

The "juvenile beggar" under this head, is not so interesting as they of the "album quilt," but is a stamp collector, who "showed sham pathos and hollow diplomacy," by representing that he was an orphan under ten years, frankly stating that his "big cousin" suggested this line of conduct, after his "little cousin" had hinted at the waste paper basket, and then timidly asks Mr. W. *to get his post-office clerks to send him a few stamps!* If he only knew what he "showed," he would feel too much a man to wish longer for stamps.

A couple are "struggling with debt and poor health," and wish to send their children to school. Even the quaint character who represents himself as "on the war path" for fifty dollars, to prevent the Sheriff from selling him out, seems to be in a bad strait.

But "the gem of the collection," from one whose teeth do not fit, and who can neither pay for them nor get others, is in trouble that many of us, perhaps including the editor, "know not of."

Of the ten who wish to borrow, one has, through illness, "contracted a debt of $60 (!)" which he wishes to repay. The exclamation point doubtless shows wit; but are not those figures more sad than if they were a hundred thousand?

Now, for the first class, of what are they guilty in the eye of one who allows the importunity of enthusiastic advocates of religion and charity, a milder term than "mendicancy"?

I can see nothing except a simplicity which, displayed in any other way, would be most charming; and even in this way, the one case of the "album quilt," would move a heart of stone; and if it came into Mr. W.'s personal hands, and that quilt doesn't bear his name, and that storm-beaten church doesn't get restored to the extent of at least twenty-five cents of his money, it will do more toward changing my politics, "than could ten thousand" vicious legislators, led by any McKinley or pension monger of them all.

I don't like to go into vagaries, like he of the "War Path," about future Presidencies, as I have recently been taught that Mr. W. belongs to the wrong party to reign in the future; but the terrible work at the Capitol may leave enough of us to form a convention, and if he should be found capable of resisting this bed quilt business, and then, in the character of Candidate, should adopt poor old Horace Greeley's scheme of kissing babies, I would bribe men to hiss, if I were forced to navigate for years in consequence; or, worse still, learn to take command of a coal hulk in Long Island Sound.

Of the second lot of seventeen personal beggars, even the one who "begins with a highly moral utterance," might add to the statement "that it is more honorable to beg than to steal," that it is also safer;

and there seem to be many in the world, who will resort to either before starvation.

Let us who have always had enough to eat, excepting when it could not be got by any of the known methods, desist from "throwing stones," until we have tried it ; or, to borrow from Scripture, let him who has starved to the point of death and resisted, throw the first stone.

Even in the case of the unfortunate "gem of the collection," the sad victim of misfit in ivory, and who would "much rather go to Washington and work for the amount," if she could leave her charges (five nephews and nieces for whom she has cared for six years, receiving regular payments in affection only), who would not rather, at least, pay for a return stamp for her letter, than enjoy a laugh at the poor creature's woeful position ?

I believe that every one of the ten who asked a loan, honorably intended to pay it. I think that the average person expects to be in better circumstances next year ; not as a result of figures, but of a hopeful method of managing without them ; and one who is vicious enough to contemplate cheating, would be too wise to waste the postage for a letter of the kind.

I also believe that not one of the ten *would* pay it. Gratitude, in such cases, appears to be very soluble ; and seems, usually, soon to give place to other things more pressing.

The six who would sell their treasured heirlooms to the great Post-Office Official, appear to be far more lenient than the average book agent ; and the five

who ask for employment, are not alone in the wish. Of what, then, does their "impertinence" consist, except simplicity?

The most of us try to learn as much of "the world" as we may, and are apt to pride ourselves on the accomplishment; but who is prepared to condemn all who have not been equally successful?

Do we feel so much sympathy for the merchant who loses his hundreds of thousands in a bank failure, that we have none left for the simple old couple who lose their long cherished "twenty-six p'un' ten"?

Do we condemn dear old Uncle Josh Whitcomb, because he does not show himself to be as much of an expert in the mysteries of New York, as the "L" Road guard who enjoys depositing one in any part of the town except that to which he aspires?

Are we so fond of the Joey Bagstocks and Becky Sharps, or even the George Warringtons and Ivanhoes of fiction, that we have no room in our hearts for the Captain Cuttles, the Mrs. Nicklebys, the Nicol Jarvies and the Uncle Tobys?

Though I have sailed around our globe a sufficient number of times to be pretty correctly impressed as to its size, and though I am aware of the mere atom that it is of our own planetary system; though I believe that the most remote star that is revealed by the telescope, either is, has been, or is going to be surrounded by a like system of planets which either are, have been, or are going to be inhabited; and though I have read—and seen no reason to disbelieve

—that all this is but a grain of Creation ; yet I am sometimes so far tempted to murmur because my special affairs were not more carefully looked after when the plan was laid, that I can readily see how one whose horizon has always been marked by the same not very distant hills, and who has not taken the trouble to think very deeply, should be led into the erroneous idea that his own Sabbath School only needs to have called to it the attention of one who is rich, and has, perhaps, been known to give largely, in order to be endowed handsomely.

Though no one could expect a member of the U. S. Cabinet, who receives such a mass of letters of this description, to even glance at them ; though I should think him one of the very worst of business men, if he lent a dollar on the security offered ; and though I am one who heroically thinks that he could come very near to starvation rather than to beg—and if ever called on to decide between the merits of that and stealing, know enough of the world to avoid wasting time on the contemplation of the former—I cannot think that these unfortunate people are guilty enough to deserve to have their credulity or misery publicly ridiculed.

After all, where are we going to draw the line between begging, and asking for things that we would like to have ? The man who asks for a penny, is emphatically a beggar. The Queen who asks her Parliament for money, is not. Who is to name the boundary ?

What of the office seekers, those who ask patronage, and those who seek employment ?

These are not money, but they are an equivalent, (at least to those who ask for them) and, as far as the first is concerned, Society is shocked, and the *Herald* howls savagely for punishment for Boodleism, if they are paid for.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"CLOUDY" CONJECTURES.

UNDER the heading "New York in the Clouds," I learn that many scientists think that frequent contact with mother earth is necessary, in order not to have "Nerves and brains severely taxed."

Is it not possible, in this view, that Capt. Marryat was mistaken, and that the exhausted condition of overtaxed brains, might have appeared to him much the same as a scarcity of them; and that all we need to do is to carry a few tons of earth with us on our voyages, and bathe in it a few times a day, in order to have as good ones as anybody?

I suppose that salt water would not do, as those who "step briskly forth from it (the elevator) to granite blocks," etc., do "not touch the earth for days;" and our element does not seem to be much more earthy than granite; and even if it is, sometimes, when in the trade winds, we go for weeks without as much as getting a sea into our beds.

But as probably these aerial New Yorkers do not go "for days" without bathing, I shall take the position that water will not do, but that contact with soil is what is necessary to "carry away waste nerve products."

Now I do not wish to boast, but if a New Yorker thinks that his own hundred and sixty-six feet, or even his two hundred and twenty-four, when he goes

to the top of the Produce Exchange tower to catch a dove, is worth telling of, let me tell him that for more than eighty days I have not been nearer to soil than upwards of a mile; and that just now I am above three miles from the merest grain of sand.

We also have a little "confusion" now and then, but I cannot say that it is equally "nerve jarring" with that of the New Yorkers' "aerial tramway," especially if he sees in the guard, a man who will take a special delight in shutting him in when he wants to get out, and shutting him out when he wants to get in.

I have often wondered why the average sailor enjoys reeving a rope, by which he must hoist a sail, with a turn around every available obstruction, while the very dowdiest of washerwomen on shore, will rig a clothes line without a suspicion of a kink; why the sailor cannot sustain the passive strain of keeping his money in his pocket, while those on shore can so readily perform the active part of getting it out; and why the purest strain of St. Bernard canine blood that ever animated navigating dog flesh, can rarely be taught to raise its voice in the mildest form of protest against the operations of dock thieves, while the raggedest cur on shore will sound an immediate alarm at the approach, within the twenty rod limit, of any human specimen, from the midnight burglar to the meek Parson in quest of a cup of afternoon tea; but I see it all now; they have been deprived, for sadly long periods, of that "continuous contiguity to the great earth Mother," which is the lot of the "happy agriculturist," and most others on shore.

From one point of view, it is a sad descending from "the clouds" of conjecture, to open with the sentences "That this condition cannot fail to * * * on their nerves, brains and minds, the thoughtful observer cannot doubt. There is, indeed, scientific evidence to this effect," and to close, after hinting darkly at grave distances from the "he pful element," and at "mental unsettlement" consequent from shooting to dizzy heights in elevators, by citing an authority who pronounces it "largely sentimental," and who only maintains that women, and some men, "undergo suffering" from climbing to the "heights of contemporaneous habitations," by means of stairs.

This causes one to wonder why it was written ; but it is cheering to know—I being one who has "suffered" from Spanish Consuls always having their offices high up, and rarely where there is an elevator —that the path to the greatest harm is not, in this case, flowery ; and that one may safely trust his instinct—and the elevator boy, to preserve him from the greatest and most dangerous risk to health.

If I may judge from what I read in the *Herald* of street cleaning, all that New York needs, is a few more Commissioners like the incumbent of that office, who was under its ban when my file was issued—and a few more millions appropriated for the purpose—in order that its inhabitants may be able to compete with any potato digger of the Republic, in the enjoyment of "continuous contiguity."

CHAPTER XXXV.

MURDER UNINTERESTING.

In speaking of Eyraud, the Parisian murderer who was captured at Havana, the editor says, "as a general rule the details of a murder have no fascination for us; and yet we take a lurid sort of interest in that consummate scoundrel," etc.

This is certainly news. I thought, from the elaborate descriptions that I have read, that it must be glorious fun; but perhaps he confines his fascination more particularly to executions.

I can easily see why a newspaper should enter into a minute description of the circumstances attending a murder, as both the best and worst people wish to learn all that they can of it; but too much "detail" in the discussion of the execution of the criminal, and an over abundance of chuckling over his wretched position, strikes me as being worthy of a former century.

For some reason the execution is not made a public spectacle, and the witnessing it a popular pastime, as it once was, and I supposed that it was because human taste has, in this case, changed; as there doesn't seem to be as much danger of a "rescue" being attempted, as in those former days.

I think that crime is not more usual now than it was then, and to have it shrouded in mystery, is perhaps better for the purpose of intimidation to would-

be murderers, than to have them familiar with the scene. There seem to exist those who like to be public heroes, even if it be on the gallows.

I may be wrong, and the reader may think that the reason why it fills me with horror, may be the same that causes some people to quail at the word "Police," whereas to others it is suggestive of law and order; but I hope that I will not be suspected of fostering crime, if I say that, though I deplore the escape of a murderer, and feel a keen anxiety to learn of his capture, I feel that when he has been arrested, and is in the hands of the law, it is, if honestly enforced, quite stern enough without the necessity of much gloating over the punishment.

I suppose that there was some excuse for elaborate details of the horrible arrangements for the new experiment recently tried—and which made me so nervous that I could not, for weeks after I had read it, look calmly on the wires on which my berth curtains are hung;—but the guillotine is no curiosity; and I think that the announcement of Eyraud's arrest—and of the fact that the *Herald* first published the news in France—should be the complete duty of that journal; and that it should leave the execution, and, if needed, the exultation, to those who owe it as a stern retribution to their murdered countryman.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A DULL PROSPECT.

WHAT is now to become of our old friend, the blind newsman of the Fulton Ferry, since, as the *Herald* reports, he has been ordered out of the newly acquired "beat" of the Union News Co.?

In these days when any solitary person is not allowed to earn his bread, it looks to be a pretty serious problem for one who could probably not qualify to join a union, and has not capital enough to get into a "trust," to decide what course to take. I hope that the old boy will find some paving stone in the metropolis, which has not yet been rented by any branch of the grand army, which is being organized to fight for a chance to live.

Could he not start a "blind man's union," and strike against some "amalgamated brotherhood of sight-seers," with the *Herald* to shout his "battle cry"?

I have always thought that I should not like to be a flying fish, until the dolphin ceased to exist; but to live in New York, unarmed for strife, seems to be far worse. The flying fish, when the dolphin is not present, can have a moment of peace; as they do not appear to have contracted an appetite for one another; but if I were compelled to live in New York, and could choose what personality would be most suitable, I would doubtless choose that of the armadillo.

I hope that I am not more envious than the average mortal; but the dramatist and actor of the future will have an opportunity for gaining a livelihood, which might well excite the jealousy of a king.

When we have pushed aside every character which connects us with the freedom of the past, and have got all the weak ones snugly stowed away in the workhouses, hospitals, lunatic asylums and churchyards, then will every one rush to the theatre for the temporary revival of tender memories, with the same pertinacity with which one who has, in early life, nailed wood-chuck skins to the barn door, is always ready, on the slightest pretext, to again look on the delightful scene of Uncle Joshua's "Old Homestead."

As he is probably not able to read, except where the letters are raised, and as the *Herald* does not use that kind of type, I hope that some charitable person will tell him about McKinley, in order that he may enjoy his share of the common scape goat, and be able to account for the many ills that are likely to beset him.

Would he not become unpopular, if he were left to form his own conclusions, by the evidence of the few senses left him by a perverse fate?

He could, I should think, scarcely fail, in the absence of popular bias, to bring in guilty some oppressive measures, which had their sources nearer home than Washington. This would, if I may judge by what I read, be decidedly bad form; and be ex-

posed to the criticism of those who never look at more than one side of the question.

For my part, I am determined, if I find the bar outside of Sandy Hook too shoal to allow me to enter, to lay it all to injudicious or malicious legislation on the Tariff.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCLUSION.

And now I find that the time approaches, when I must take leave of the reader, that I may have time to "put my house in order,' for the next approach to "my native heath."

The two bears have risen far above the Northern Horizon, and the Southern Cross and Magellan Clouds have disappeared in the far South. Orion, after months of standing on his head and kicking up his heels from all kinds of absurd positions, again climbs majestically from the Eastern Horizon, stalks proudly past the meridian, and rushes down on his bovine antagonist in the west—in an attitude far more becoming to the grandeur of his stature, and the splendor of his presence ; while his two trusty attendants, Canis Minor and Canis Major, seem respectively to bark with delight, and growl with surly pleasure, at again seeing their master in a position to win the battle.

The moon, which so shamefully deserted me when in the ice fields of the South, can now attend all of the merry-makings at home, and at the same time cheer the long nights of my third winter of the year ; and help preserve me from the Smoking Monsters which madly rush across the North Atlantic, in the fear that their freight of money-making and pleasure-seeking humanity, may lose a moment of time, and

who threaten to make futile, by disastrous collision, the struggle of three months.

The swaths of Sargasso weed stretch from North-east to Sou'west as far as the eye can reach, and seem to indicate that old Neptune scorns modern improvements, and still "gets his hay" with his scythe; and that "the boys" are off on fishing leave, until the dew gets off, when they will commence "spreading."

The pen which—even if it dismally fails in giving a moment's pleasure to others—has enabled me to bear my present term of imprisonment with less impatience than usual, must now devote its rusty age to preparing a manifest which will elude the talons of the fiercest of the McKinley falcons; to arranging, to suit the fastidious eye of the modern Guardian, the outstanding account between me and my crew; to preparing a list of the various wounds that my little craft has received in her recent battle with Boreas and Neptune, to deliver to the famished surgeon who, if yet alive, will meet me "on Change"; and to writing a short note to be immediately dispatched to those at home, that they may early learn of my return, and prepare the "fatted calf."

To the uninitiated it would seem that I could then fold my arms and "smoke the pipe of peace," until the time comes to again make sail; but no such delusion prepares for disappointment, the mind of one who has often devoted the time he would give to his friends, to a steady battle for the preservation of the

"mite" to which he hopes he is entitled, in exchange for the hardships that he has endured.

To be put down as "the enemy," to be plucked for the purpose of retrieving the disastrous consequences of much that I have been bewailing in this omnivorous attempt at literature, seems to be the sad fate of those who come up from "the sea in ships."

The Merchant, who, between desperate competition and incompatible legislation, probably finds it difficult to bribe underwriters to take the extra risk of "partial loss," is sometimes tempted to hold us responsible for the pitiable plight to which his cargoes are often brought by the hand of the above-named powerful enemies, even though we have played the part of the staunchest of allies, and fought to the last.

The underwriters place in our hands the burden of the proof that the cut mast is not the work of temporary insanity, instead of the result of a cruel call to instantly decide which evil to choose at a terrible moment, which, perhaps, none on shore except a field-marshal, can know. He must instantly decide whether or not to sacrifice a part of his cherished army to save the rest, and we must give the word that turns to a seeming wreck the gallant craft that we love—that puts us and our crews to the risk of famine—before it is too late.

The calker takes a shot at one of the last of the flock of geese that once filled his purse with "golden eggs," by spinning his thread of oakum a little shorter, and the time a little longer, to fill the seam which must be carefully probed (to assure ourselves

of the absolute necessity) before it is submitted to his mercy.

But to go through the whole list of vexations that meet us on our arrival, would be to tire the reader, and make an end of the pen ; so I will abruptly take leave of him, and not trouble him again unless his lenity shall invite me to do so ; and even then not till some other voyage.

For the critic, I can only say that I thought it absolutely necessary for some one to defend our country against the impression given by her—perhaps—greatest journal ; and in the absence of an abler champion, I have done what I could.

If, in the face of all the confessions that I have made, he ever ventures to rail at me for venturing before the public in the present state of my literary capacity and acquirements, I will place my little careworn dictionary beside a noble "Webster's unabridged," and, after employing an artist to engrave them—though I have to borrow the money, and, in consequence, am forced to navigate till the last hulk is covered by the sands of Nantucket Shoals, and finish by rafting logs on a fresh-water millpond—cause them to appear in every journal save one, from Manitoba to Mexico—from Alaska to Cape Cod ; producing a thorn for his flesh that will cause him to rail at his parents for ever having married, (when I commenced this sentence I intended to use vastly wider limits ; but was attacked by the thought that I had heard, somewhere, that the *Herald* held objections to " advertising cuts," and I am not in a position

to suppose that any other American journal ever travels beyond those to which I descended).

Hoping to get satisfactory answers to the many questions asked, I will fight it out on the same tack by ending with the words: Am I not right?

ON SHORE.

ALTHOUGH I promised the reader not to trouble him any more before some other voyage, I am tempted to risk a few more lines, to let him know, if he reads far enough to find it, that I got ashore without lashing myself to the proverbial spar, or subsisting for months on those members of my crew who were unlucky enough to "draw the short straw."

I was not disappointed, however, in the expectation of getting the Nor'wester, but got it hard enough to cause both my ship and myself to give up the race, when within fifty miles of the winning post; and to run for a haven of rest in a lonely isle on the coast of Massachusetts, which we reached in rather a forlorn condition, with some of our masts sprung, our sails reduced to ribbons, and our eyes heavy in consequence of an absence of sleep for several days. We have since been towed to the metropolis, where we were glad to meet our old associate and fellow voyager, the *Herald*, and were not surprised to learn, in the first issue that we saw, that "our Indian policy" was to "starve them, and then pump them full of lead."

I have also been reading some of that journal's contemporaries, in which I learned that it is now thought an indignity to disarm prisoners of war; that the "noble" red-skinned wretches of the prairie, are so proud of their inherited reputation for candor and

good faith, that they resent such an act as "the last unbearable straw" of oppression ; and that soldiers who do not receive their playfully delivered fire, without returning a shot that might result in inconvenience to the worthy matrons who produce those murderous pests, (and on whom we must depend for the tomahawkers and baby scalpers of the future), or which might arrest the growth of a young scion, who might develop into one of the brave "young bucks" who only require a chance to kill "some six or seven dozen" settlers in "the early spring," in order to live quietly the rest of the year,—should be court martialled when they survive, or have their heroic valor branded as cruelty, when they fall.

This caused me to make some inquiry, which resulted in my learning that the *Herald* is one of a class of journals known as "Independent." This is somewhat startling, as the impression that I was under that it was democratic, may have led me into injustice to the journals of that party. I think that I have sometimes, in a spirit of defense rather than offense, indiscreetly used the plural number.

I had before heard of independent newspapers, and supposed that their business would be peace making, as they should have no party to fight ; but it appears to be their policy to quarrel with the Government on principle, in order to be popular with those who get themselves into trouble by trying to manage capital, when they have none of their own, and those who treat "rum" as a necessary of life, instead of a luxury ; and who would fain unburden themselves of

the responsibility of their resulting condition, by bringing in a verdict against some one in Washington.

I know more about journalism now, and shall expect the *Herald* to find grievances, even after the other party steps into power, in '92. I hoped that we might have a respite then, but since learning that "independence" probably means unrelenting war, I have decided that I had better try another long voyage, and keep out of the din as much as possible. The prospect is not good, as freights are too low to insure us a new dollar for an old one; and, although the "Subsidy Bill" has commenced to flutter on "the table" (if not actually on the wing), it has been so sadly plucked of its few charms, that it can scarcely pay for the work of "naturalization" that we will have to do before we sail; but as Noah spent one hundred and twenty years in ship-building for an emergency, and as I have that much the advantage of him, by having one already rigged, I think it will be well, in the absence of remuneration, to use her as a refuge; particularly if the tariffs are to fall "at one fell swoop."

This latter consideration might tempt the unwary in my profession, to return with a cargo of European manufactures; but as my rich freight of a very few dollars per ton, unassisted by tariff, might place the American spinners and weavers in a position to pine for a return of the days when they could indulge in luxuries which European spinners regard as unattainable, I should think about it carefully, before tempting the descendants of those who figured as amateur

stevedores on board of the tea ships in Boston Harbor, for fear that there might be a shadow remaining of the old-fashioned "Independence," and I would get my cargo discharged on the wrong side of the ship, to be in a position to collect my freight money.

I am in some hopes, that Congress may perform some mysterious Act with silver—that being an inshore industry, and interesting to the great and powerful "West"—which will tempt me to bring home a cargo of that rich metal, often enough to allow me to keep in the memory of my friends.

I have been afraid that I did not know enough about my subjects ; but have learned that people who stay on shore, though they read or hear ever so much, have so little time to *think*, that it no longer seems to me so strange, that so many allow themselves to float with the popular tide, with such extreme docility. I therefore hope that my great advantage in this respect, having had so much time that I could devote to nothing else, may have had the effect to partially disguise the crudeness of my knowledge of the questions discussed.

Not having thought that any one could make a book without statistics, or the power to introduce and kill a heroine with precision and elegance, I did not at first aspire to that honor ; so I am sadly afraid that it is not so near to being in good order, or the subjects so separated and well treated, as it would have been if I had earlier contemplated it. I have now learned that it is far easier to write a book, than to make one.

If my few remaining brother navigators think that I have deserted their standard, because I appear to favor protection, I will explain that I do so, only because that policy seems to be the result of many years of hard labor, by (presumably) wise men, in our Congressional Halls ; and though selfishness seems to be the fashion, and New York, as a gigantic "middleman," or handler of goods, appears just now to be showing a bright example of that sentiment to us as carriers, I have to acknowledge the right of the majority, the producers, as represented by the greatest number of voters, to arrange the legislation to suit themselves.

If Congress thinks it desirable to foster a few of our profession, in order to have some one to fight a possible enemy—without the inconvenience of sea sickness—before he lands to cut our throats, that Body has lately shown, by its happy solution of the sugar problem—which relieves the American people from a tax on an article which every one uses, and which cannot be produced in our country to any extent, and at the same time protects the few who can produce nothing else—that it can be done without setting us at work at something which will, perhaps, place the American spinner, who often gives his wife or sweetheart a sleigh ride, nearly on a level with those of Europe, who can seldom afford an airing on a twopenny bus ; but if they ever make the attempt, I earnestly recommend them to destroy the ghastly ruin, of a former Session, now about in the throes of resuscitation, and which still bears the title that was given to it by

the hopeful "Maineiac" who first framed it, and pass one which will lure Young America from the plow, and the temptation to follow in the footsteps of those who stand on the street corners of our cities, and rail at legislators for not making laws which will enable them to live without work.

If they will, at the same time, restore Jack's manhood by allowing him to manage his own affairs, and annul the rank of babyhood to which he has descended, I think he will show a bolder front to the enemy, when the time arrives, if ever, for him to show his gratitude.

I supposed that I would be the only person in New York, who did not know about rapid transit; but although the "Bill" has been passed, I have thus far failed to find any one who knows anything more about it.

I learn that McKinley persisted in his fell purpose of emancipating sugar, and see that journalists still rail at him, ostensibly for tying up wool; but I should think that their greatest hardship might be desperate competition in the type market, for the particular letters used in setting up his name.

I learn that it *was* Kemmler who furnished a part of the material for the electric experiment, but I have got partially used to it now, and since an amiable Capt. of Engineers has assured me that the electric current of telephone wires is very mild, and cannot by any accident become powerful, I can, in the daytime, hold the machine to my ear without trembling very violently; but I hope to be able to induce some one

else to do it for me, if I have occasion to use one after nightfall, or when other wires with which it may come in contact, are alive.

I have studied the Elevated Railway system more carefully than before, and have learned that one can (if he gets into the train at South Ferry, and has lived in New York long enough to have learned to overcome the weakness which tempts the uninitiated to rise when a lady can find no seat, thereby bringing his line of vision too low down on the platform) read the names of the streets on the iron fence, before the train stops.

I have also searched diligently for polite officials; and though not provided, like Diogenes, with a lantern, have found one. His name is W. D. Callum, and his pleasant face and cheerful voice may be seen and heard on the platform of the Hanover Square station, 3d Avenue Road. As he was one of the first that I saw after my arrival, I felt conscience stricken on account of a few ill-natured things that I had written; but I soon learned that there is a lot of my kind still remaining, so I name him in the hope that some one may read this, and recommend him as an example to others who would like to "give the ship a good name."

My admiration was excited by one guard promising to perform an act, before which the twelve labors of Hercules pale into utter insignificance. On the one occasion on which I defied a kind Providence, which has seen me through many a "pinch" on the ocean wave, by boarding the "Harlem train" on the

6th Avenue Road, I raised a mild protest when he violently pushed about the twenty-fifth man into a company of us who occupied one of the platforms, and had already assumed the shape, and about the size, of smoked herrings, because it caused an extra throe of pain to a back already nearly broken by the iron rail opposite the gate. He immediately declared that he would "put me off at the next station"!! As that would be Grand St., and I had already begun to study the question as to whether or not an ambulance could be obtained at about 99th St. (at which station it appeared probable that the platform might have become partially cleared), to convey any portion of me which should arrive there, back to 8th Street, I immediately cheered the proposal. Of course any one who has ever travelled on that train, between the hours of four and six P. M., does not need to be told that he failed dismally: but ever since I first climbed to the top-gallant mast-head, for the purpose of being initiated into the mysteries of furling a royal, and my tarry-handed teacher remained in the rigging, and swore at the coming difficulties long enough to cause a relapse of *mal de mer* from which I had but recently recovered, I have admired those who seem determined not to let seeming difficulties stand in the way of a trial.

The only thing that I hear about sectional disagreement, is the "Force Bill." I have tried to learn what kind of a bill this may be, but opinions are too conflicting, to enable the inquirer to see very clearly into it. Some say that it is intended to help the negro

to vote as he pleases, and some that it is to "force" him to vote the republican ticket. The latter looks to a certain extent feasible, as the word "force" is conspicuous; but as I have always thought that negroes took kindly to that course without its application, it is rather confusing.

The advertising fiend seems not to have been at work very hard, since I have been away. I have for years regretted that one who would fain learn in what part of the town he might be should be continually reminded of his duty to provide against the possible tears of his descendants, which may result from a too limited supply of "Castoria": but the only additional care that has been thrust on him within the past year, is a caution against procrastination, if he hopes to secure an office in the "Pulitzer Building," which has not only lately penetrated the metropolitan "clouds," but promises to add to astronomic lore, by having brought "The World" much nearer than ever before, to the other planets of the system.

I have listened to the "dark, spare and strenuous young speaker," whom I mentioned as drawing youthful audiences, and learned that a suspicion of baldness does not disqualify one for the privilege of hearing his new theories. Those who are used to him, appear to know by his motions when the fun is coming: but I, not having been posted beforehand, did not get in my share of approving laughter, when he came to the climax of a thrilling tale, of a boy who was "honest" enough to pronounce his father and mother "the two biggest liars in Chicago," because

they had told him that it was too cold to drive, and, after getting him to bed under false pretenses, had utilized the advantages of maturity, by taking a drive themselves.

I am glad that I heard this, because I can now see how badly I was treated by my mother, when she told me that it was "dark under the table"; and my hopeful youth tempted me to try to postpone my departure for "bed," by showing that she was mistaken, as I could still detect the outline of my faithful friend, "Lion," who spent his evenings, after our hard work at "howking mice and moudiworts," in that shadowy nook. Sometimes this produced the desired result, but alas! I am afraid that she was often led into the unpardonable sin of allowing her motherly anxiety for me to shine in my country's history, by following the maxims of our great philosopher of the gingerbread rolls, and failing to admit its truth.

I have been studying the various arguments, by which many men in New York show that it is perfectly regular to allow a lady to stand in a car, with a view to adopting one of them myself, when I am fortunate enough to find one that appears tenable.

Some maintain that if we take a seat at the Battery, we are justified in keeping it until we arrive at Harlem. This looks well from a legal point of view, but if a lady enters at Grand Street, I feel timid about explaining the circumstances to her. At school, we had a law by which a deposited book secured the rights of the depositor, until he came in

person : but this was on the "boy's side," and I got no practice in holding out against "the enemy."

Some say that men work hard all day, and that many women go down town for no good reason. This is probably true enough : but I do not like to ask them what they came down for, and as I am aware that many women work hard too, and that many more may have very imperative errands, I cannot see my chance in that.

Some say that *young* women should not be allowed the seat of men who are older than themselves : but I find myself at a period of life that makes it hard to put in a claim to infirmity, and it is yet harder to ask their age, as many might think that I have other motives.

Many have a reminiscence of some time in the dim and faded past, when they gave up their seat to one who failed to acknowledge the courtesy : and they felt the indignity so severely, that they have resolved to never again place themselves in such an awkward position. Being able to recall a case of the kind, I at first thought that I might utilize this position : but the first one who stood in front of me, looked so entirely unconscious of any knowledge of the unfortunate event, that I found it difficult to blame her, because some one whom she had probably never seen, had failed to show symptoms of good breeding.

I have often found it difficult, when I contemplated performing an act of courtesy to strangers, to get statistics with which to calculate the chances of my pearls falling before swine ; but when I meet with

a case where I must figure as one deficient in courtesy, or take the risk of the other person doing so, I instinctively get out of it myself, and if the other chooses to remain in it, I am not responsible. I have read that noble natures blush at the faults of others, and I can understand why : but I always found it to be much less embarrassing to blush for others, than for myself.

It seems to be pretty generally understood, that if a woman has a baby in her arms, she may safely be given a seat, without our having our masculine rights trampled on: but since I learned of the ingenious one who carried an inanimate package, "wrapped in swaddling clothes," for the purpose, I am afraid we cannot trust them.

I try hard, when travelling about the world, to defend the situation, by hinting at the cosmopolitan character of the New York people, hoping to get out of the responsibility ; but when they maintain that uninitiated foreigners are the ones who yield, I find it difficult to maintain my position. I don't like to fall back on the argument that many of us aspire to a fashionable tailor, even when we belong to a rank in life that does not trouble itself about courtesy, because the European mind does not readily take it in.

Although New York is about the last city in the world in which a Don Quixote would like to try to establish old time customs, I wish to remind it, that our departed fathers worked hard to give our country a good rank among nations, and that we should strive to emulate them by keeping it up, even if it

necessitates steadying ourselves by a strap, for an hour each day. Meanwhile we can vote hard for Rapid Transit, and get a chance, as quickly as possible, to take our ease, and at the same time practice the usual gallantry toward those on whom we depend to cheer our hours of recreation, and who are taking a position among the women of the world, which should fill every American with pride.

I have talked with a few "Looking Backward" maniacs, and they appear to usually agree with me, that in our present incomplete condition, it would be uncomfortable to live under such circumstances; but that when we "get educated up to it," we will find it different.

I am afraid that is unsafe ground, as when the experiment was tried, of saving only four men and four women for the work of regeneration, it resulted in a race of apple-eaters, much like the ones who descended from the original pair who furnished that gastronomic example: and I am afraid that if we commenced with none at all, and depended on a new kind originating from nothing, it would be slow work.

I have also learned that "The Experiment in Marriage," by Chas. J. Bellamy, has not been so widely read, as its associate. I do not understand this, as it looks to me to be a fitting sequel to the other, and I do not see why, if we are to live without care, we should not carry that plan as far as possible. When we go down town to get our soup, we might just drop into the Government stock-yard, and see how our babies are getting on.

If a mother does not like to apply for a position as nurse, for fear that her duty would extend to many besides her own (which must be the case unless the other feminine duties are all neglected) or because her husband might take advantage of her absence to register his name for a divorce, marry another, and send in some half-brothers and sisters to play with them, and if she pines for the prattle of childhood about her home, I dare say it might be managed with telephone wires. When personality becomes such a mere bagatelle, that those wonderful instruments will fully supply the place of the present charm of a seat at the opera, and save the expense of opera glasses to those who are so stupid as to wish to *see* and *feel the presence of* a prima donna, as well as to hear her, I think that we may use them to replace all which seems, to the present uneducated race, to make it worth while to live.

I earnestly recommend all who admire the first part of the scheme, to give the other Bellamy his due, by taking his contribution into consideration; and as I know a few ladies who will, I think, require a long course of close study, before they can graduate with sufficiently high honors to enable them, without a pang, to consign their little ones to the care of the millennial Mr. Bumble, I recommend them to commence without delay.

Before passing on I wish to ask, if it would not be more practical to try a little harder to live happily as we are now, than to try to sap the foundations of institutions which are the result of thousands of

years of steady improvement, while yet the crudeness of our minds, and our great natual repulsion to ease and ennui, would only admit of our replacing them with chaos?

I hope that when any of us decide to leave an old political or social position to embrace a new one, it will be the result of deep and careful thought, and not on account of the erroneous idea that when everything is not to our taste, any change must be beneficial. Adam seems to have been as well situated as one could well be, but, under the disadvantage of not having read history, he took up the first line of conduct that seemed to promise a change.

We all know the result, and should take advantage of our opportunities to learn how others have succeeded, before taking an unadvised leap ourselves. There is no need to cite the well-worn adage about the rolling stone.

I think that history fails to tell of any human being who could ever honestly declare that everything was perfectly satisfactory to him. Alexander seems to have reached about the head of his profession, and then actually wept because other planets were not within reach of his conquering armies. It may, then, be taken as a basis, that we will never get to a point where we are to be entirely satisfied.

Let us, then, not take it too much for granted that because we feel dissatisfaction, we are on the wrong path; for should we try another without careful study, it may be so full of pitfalls as to lead to utter disaster.

There seem to be those who are ready to benefit by

political or social changes, much the same as jackals and vultures live best when war and murder are rampant; but let us carefully guard against allowing them to utilize our inevitable dissatisfaction, to gain their nefarious ends.

When we are satisfied that protective tariff is not the thing, let us go to work and systematically and judiciously remove it; but I can only hope that those, if there are any, who know as little about political and financial cause and effect as I do, will be careful about taking to pieces machinery which may be difficult to put together again.

Mechanics, and most branches of science, seem to require but little study to enable one to understand them pretty well; though at first sight they appear so difficult that one almost despairs of learning them at all. In political and social questions, it appears to be diametrically opposite. The novice seems to regard them as within the reach of any one, while the degree of proficiency which enables the student to see that he knows very little about them, seems to be the exception.

The unthoughtful voter thinks that he could make a wise law, as easily as a smith can fashion a horseshoe; while the wise statesman labors for months, loses his sleep, and wears himself to a shadow, by framing, revising, amending and urging the passage of, a measure that may miss its mark altogether, and at the best must give employment to lawyers and judges in the future. The dissatisfied politician sees his chance in this, and strives to convince

the voter that dishonesty is what made the law defective. The editor, if he be anxious for "circulation," sees more of it among voters than statesmen.

The unthoughtful laborer sees a prospect of more pay after a strike, but does not see the pitfalls beyond; while the thoughtful student of social questions, sees them plainly enough, but finds a difficulty in pointing them out to him, in a way that he will understand. The agitator sees his chance in this, assures the laborer that he is right, and thus manages to preserve a situation that enables him (the agitator) to live without work.

Many appear to be confident that the tariff laws are made to enrich the capitalist, and to oppress the laborer. I cannot see any way to separate their interests. If the right relation exists between the employer and employé, what benefits the former, ought to benefit the latter. If the laborer's pay is not better or surer, when the work on which he is employed is in a position to pay better, it appears that there is too much labor for the capital invested, and makes it desirable to have the latter increased.

I hear it urged that laws should be passed regulating trade, by which it will be a misdemeanor to hold goods at a higher rate of profit than the one fixed by them. Also to allow a so-called "Board of Arbitrators" to destroy the most sacred rights of employer and employé. Is this the liberty for which our ancestors fought? Must we accept the dictation of Government in the question of what we shall charge for what is our own? How many additional lawyers

will be required, to adjust the resulting questions? Will the penalty not extend to school boys who "hold" marbles and pencils too high? Shades of ye who fought for Magna Charta, listen to this!

Let us, before we resort to laws which would have put to shame Nero and Caligula, add to our present scheme of getting as much as we can ourselves, the plan of taking care of it. Let us use what we invest in the corner saloon, to start a little "trust" of our own.